ADULT READERS

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DECEMBER 1995
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TANK Vixens

ANTARCTIC BLAST
DECEMBER 1995

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Universes of Change

by Kris Overstreet

Ten years ago, those of us who were reading superhero comics, principally Marvel and DC books, were always greeted with the same characters in the same situations. Nothing really changed; the old groups might slowly change members, the new groups come and go, but the characters were constant.

Of course, this annoyed a lot of us, who were demanding more out of comics. "We want REAL stories! We want CONSEQUENCES! We want to know what would happen if...!" we would tell our friends, our favorite editors in letters, and (if we were lucky) our local comics retailer. For the most part, however, little changed; editors didn't want to alter a formula which had worked for twenty years.

Those who wanted more from comics had few options open to them. Those, like myself, who had limited access to comics of any kind gave up altogether and went on to other media. Those in major cities were sometimes able to sample alternative titles (ELFQUEST, CEREBUS, ALBEDO and the undergrounds). Some fans even managed to stay loyal to their favorites despite their limitations.

Then, not too long ago, things began to move. CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS. SECRET WARS. Slowly, doubtfully at first, the writers, artists, and editors began shaking down their universes. The X-Men "died". Robin REALLY died. Slowly but surely, new ideas and character development became the norm rather than the exception. With the superhero boom sparked by the birth of Image, pressure rose on the older, established companies to keep providing more new and innovative ideas to keep sales up.

Now, in the current deflating comics market, we have a surfeit of change. Ideas and innovations have been replaced by gimmicks and promos. Every month, the characters which have held our loyalty for thirty years may be redefined, recast, or even totally eliminated... and put back in place the month after that. The Spider-Man who has quite literally been around ALL MY LIFE turns out to be a clone- what's more, a clone supposedly destroyed in a furnace. Superman dies, comes back, thinks he's dead, fakes his death. The X-Men changed history for four months, then changed it right back. Stability is a rare commodity in many comics; in some it is lost altogether.

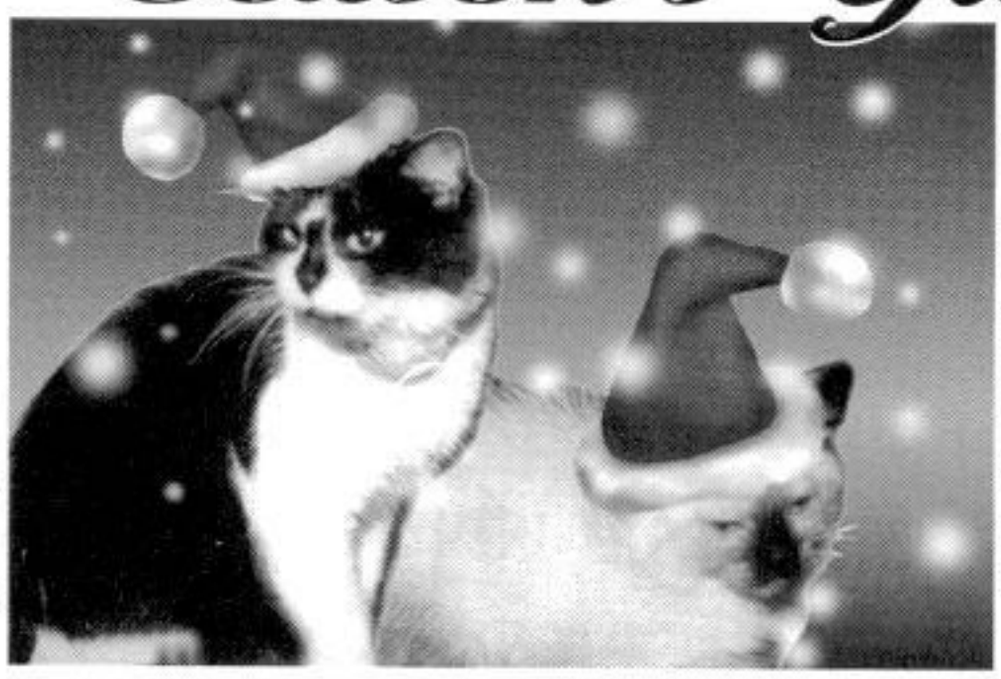
On the other hand, there are books outside of superherodom which provide a good balance of story, character, and art, which provide growth and change at a more realistic rate; neither too slow for the revisionist, nor too fast for the traditionalist. AP happens to have a few choice examples: NINJA HIGH SCHOOL, GOLD DIGGER, TIGERS OF TERRA, and ALBEDO. Other good books, new and old, include THIEVES AND KINGS, SCUD the DISPOSABLE ASSASSIN, NEXUS, REPLACEMENT GOD, and most of the manga translations available from AP, Viz, and Studio Proteus.

In this period of constant shock-tactics in the mainstream comics media, it can be comforting to find a read which doesn't include a Life-Changing Decision in every issue. From thick to thin, from static to chaotic, the books which prosper will be the ones which provide character growth, story continuity, and reader interest in measured an appropriate amounts. Those books which rely on either an excess or a total lack of change will suffer; those which value substance and excellence over style and glamour will come out on top.

I intend to stick with the winners.

Kris Overstreet

Season's Greetings!



A completely unretouched photo (it's a Christmas thing!) courtesy ARNie.

On behalf of the Antarcticats **Cog** and **Sprocket**, the Antarctic Press Staff wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a safe New Year! We also thank you for making our Tenth Anniversary a memorable one, and we hope to bring you more cool books and surprises in the upcoming year!

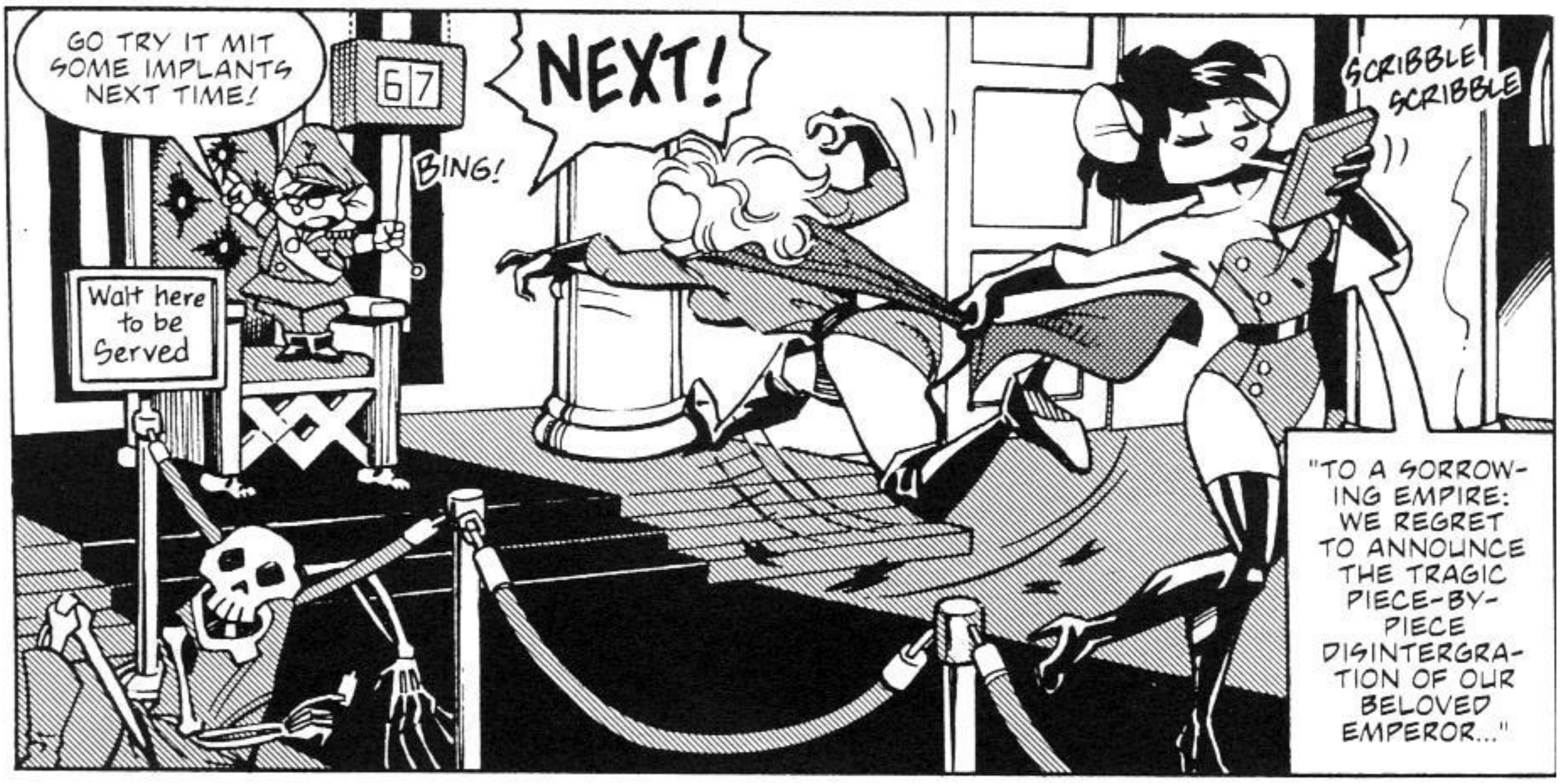
Tank Vixens, No. 3, December 1995, is published by Venus Comics and the the Antarctic Press, 7272 Wurzbach Suite #204, San Antonio, Texas, 78240. FAX #: (210) 614-5029. **Story ©Paul Kidd and artwork ©Mike Sagara All other material is TM and copyright ©1995 Antarctic Press. No similarity to any character(s) and/or place(s) is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing from this book may be reproduced without the express written consent of the authors, except for purposes of review or promotion. "Don't believe anything that is followed by the phrase, 'trust me.' Trust me."** **Print run: 3300. Printed by Brenner Printing, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.**

SNUFFI-HEIM 6
HOMEWORLD OF THE VOLE IMPERIUM.
MEAN OPERATING TEMPERATURE: 70°
NICE OPERATING TEMPERATURE: 40°
REMARKS: BYO PINE BOX
VAAAAAATZ
THIS SWEEPING EPIC BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
PAUL KIDD
STORY
MIKE SAGARA
ART
T. SHEPPARD
CONSULTANT
NEIN! NEIN! NEIN! NEIN!

DUMBKOPF! BIMBO! IMBECILE!
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT ALREADY.

PAH!
SO ZISS ISS MEIN SSSECRET V'EAPON! DER RACIEST BITCH IN DER WHOLE GALAXY!
SCHTEPPEN-SLAMMER-- DER BEAST OF BETELGEUSE!
YOU COULDN'T EVEN GET EIN RISE OUT OF BREAD DOUGH!

GNNNN--
SILENCE!
SCHPEAK V'EN YOU'RE SCHPOKEN TO! YOU ARE HEREBY DEMOTED FOUR MILLION RANKS UND STRICKEN FROM MEIN KRRISTMAS KARD LIST FOREVER!

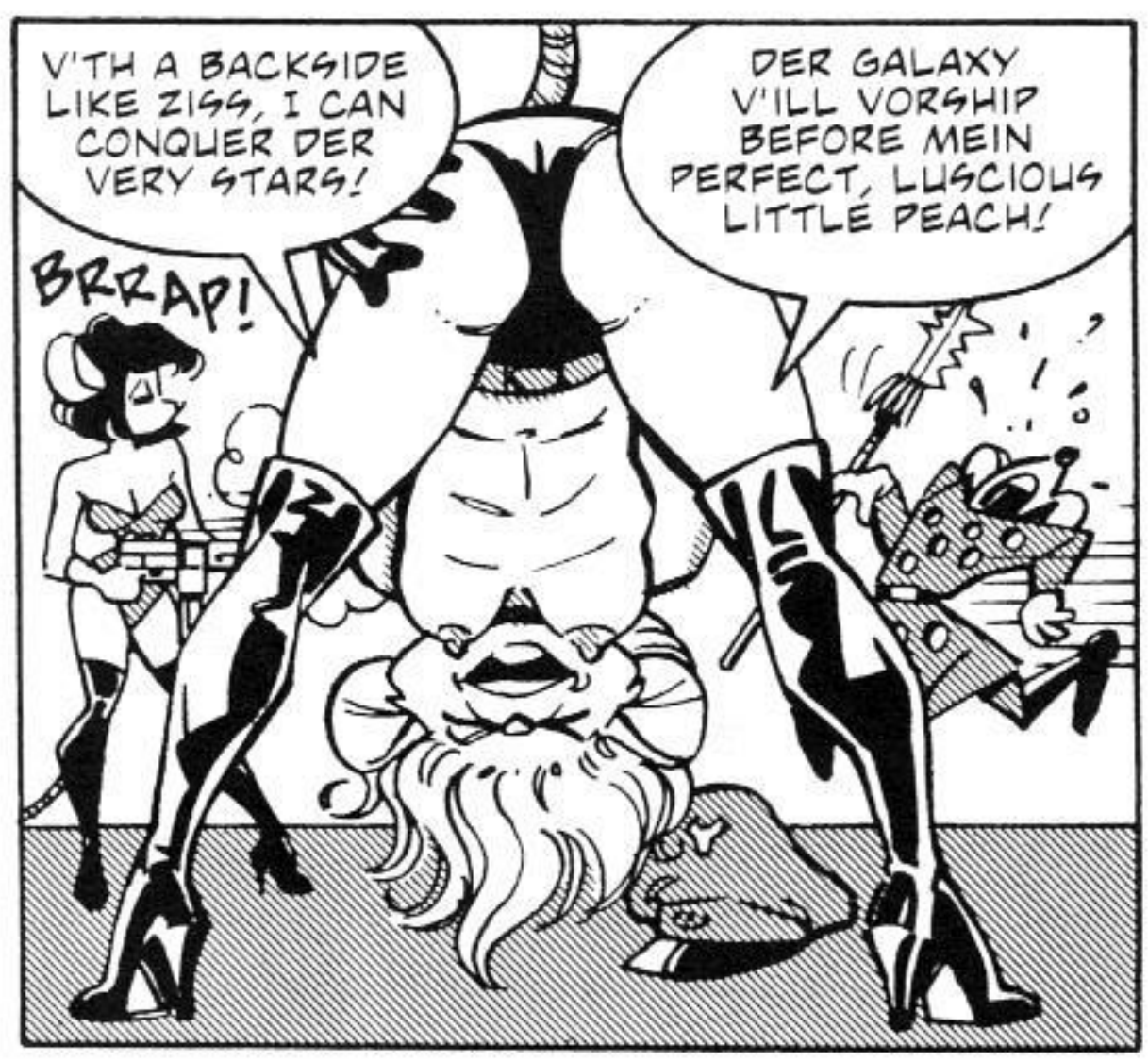

GO TRY IT MIT SOME IMPLANTS NEXT TIME!
67
BING!
NEXT!
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
Wait here to be Served
"TO A SORROWING EMPIRE: WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THE TRAGIC PIECE-BY-PIECE DISINTERGRATION OF OUR BELOVED EMPEROR..."

IMPLANTS!?!
V'AT DOES HE MEAN "IMPLANTS"!?!

Z'ESE TITTIES HAFF CONQUERED WHOLE GALAXIES!
Z'ESE NIPPLES CAN POKE DER EYES OUT OFF AN ENEMY AT EIN HUNDRED PACES!

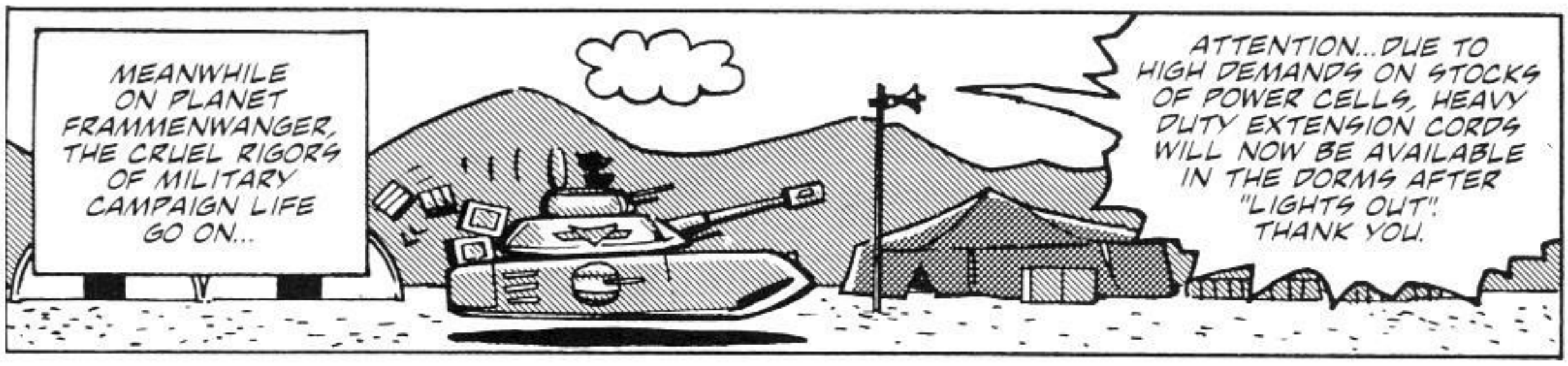
VITH AN ARSE LIKE MEIN, WHO NEEDS *GROOTIES* ANYV'AY.
SQUERK!
MÜTTI!
LOOK...HONESTLY... V'AT DOES THIS REAR-END *DO* FOR YOU?

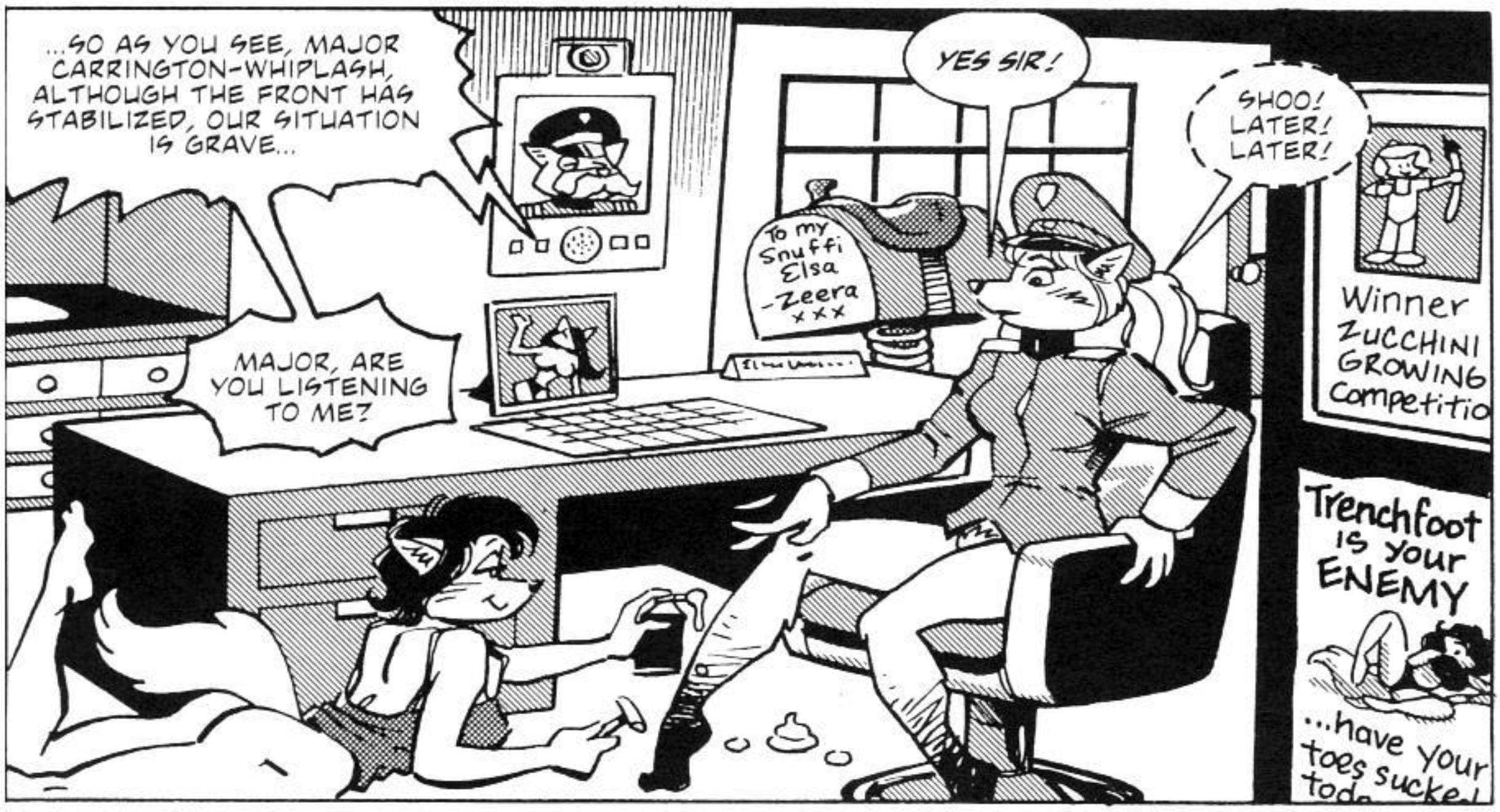
JA! TAUT AS A DRUM, SMOOTH AS SILK, UND MUSCLES THAT CAN KRRRAK A WALNUT BETWEEN BOTH CHEEKS!
ZIS ISS DER STUFF EMPIRES ARE MADE OFF! *GOTT* BUT I LOVE TO TOUCH MYSELF! *HILDA!* KILL SOMETHING!
CRACK!

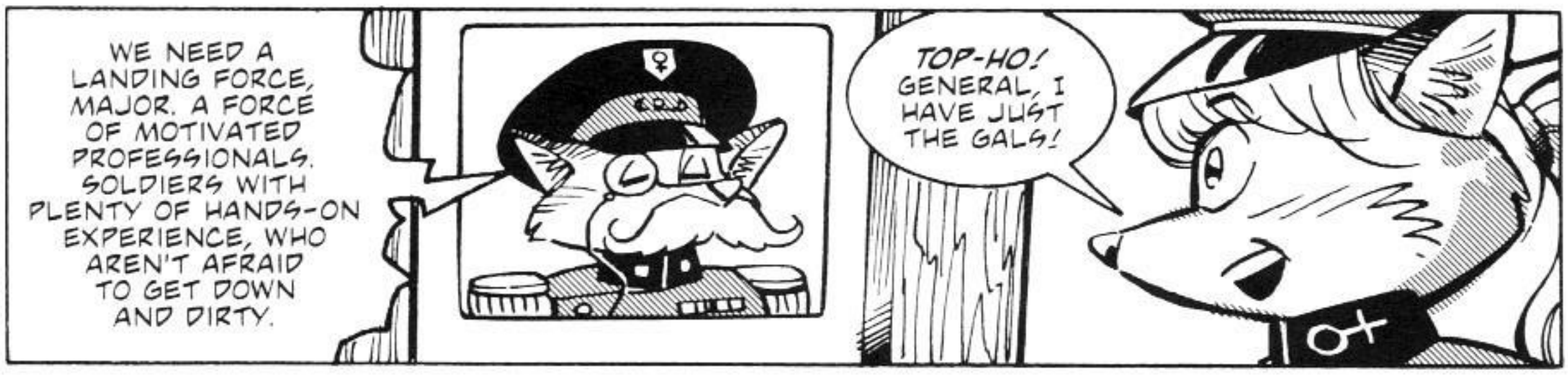

V'TH A BACKSIDE LIKE ZISS, I CAN CONQUER DER VERY STARS!
DER GALAXY V'ILL VORSHIP BEFORE MEIN PERFECT, LUSCIOUS LITTLE PEACH!
BRRAP!

HILDA! BACKDROP! I HAFF A MANIACAL RAVE SCRRRIPTED FOR ZIS PAGE, UND I INTEND TO USE IT!
JA! FOR TOO LONG HAFF I SCHTRUGGLED AGAINST A DRRRRAB, CRUEL V'ORLD!
NOW IT ISS TIME FOR DER HOTTEST OF HOT BABES TO TAKE HER RIGHTFUL PLACE UPON DER THRONE!
A NEW AGE! A PLACE V'ERE A GIRL WHO HAS EIN GOOD PARTY TRICK WITH A GALLIANO BOTTLE CAN REALLY GO PLACES!
SIGH
A LIDDLE EMPIRE ALL OF MEIN OWN...WORLDS TO CRUSH, A POPULACE TO TERRORIZE, UND A NICE PLACE TO RELAX V'EN I GET HOME...! A GIRL DOESN'T ASK FOR MUCH IN LIFE!
DAMN BUT MEIN NIPPLES ARE HARD! SOMETIMES BEING EVIL ISS CHUST TOO MUCH FUN TO BE REAL!
BLAM!
SQUEEEE!
OH GOD! HILDA, I LOVE IT WHEN YOU ANTICIPATE!
MESSAGE, MEIN EX-GENERAL!
YOUR FLAGSHIP IS HEREBY REQUESITIONED FOR OTHER DUTIES!
UND ANOTHER T'ING!
FSSS
V'EN I'M IN CHARGE, V'E GONNA GETS OURSELVES SOME SMARTER COURIERS AROUND HERE!

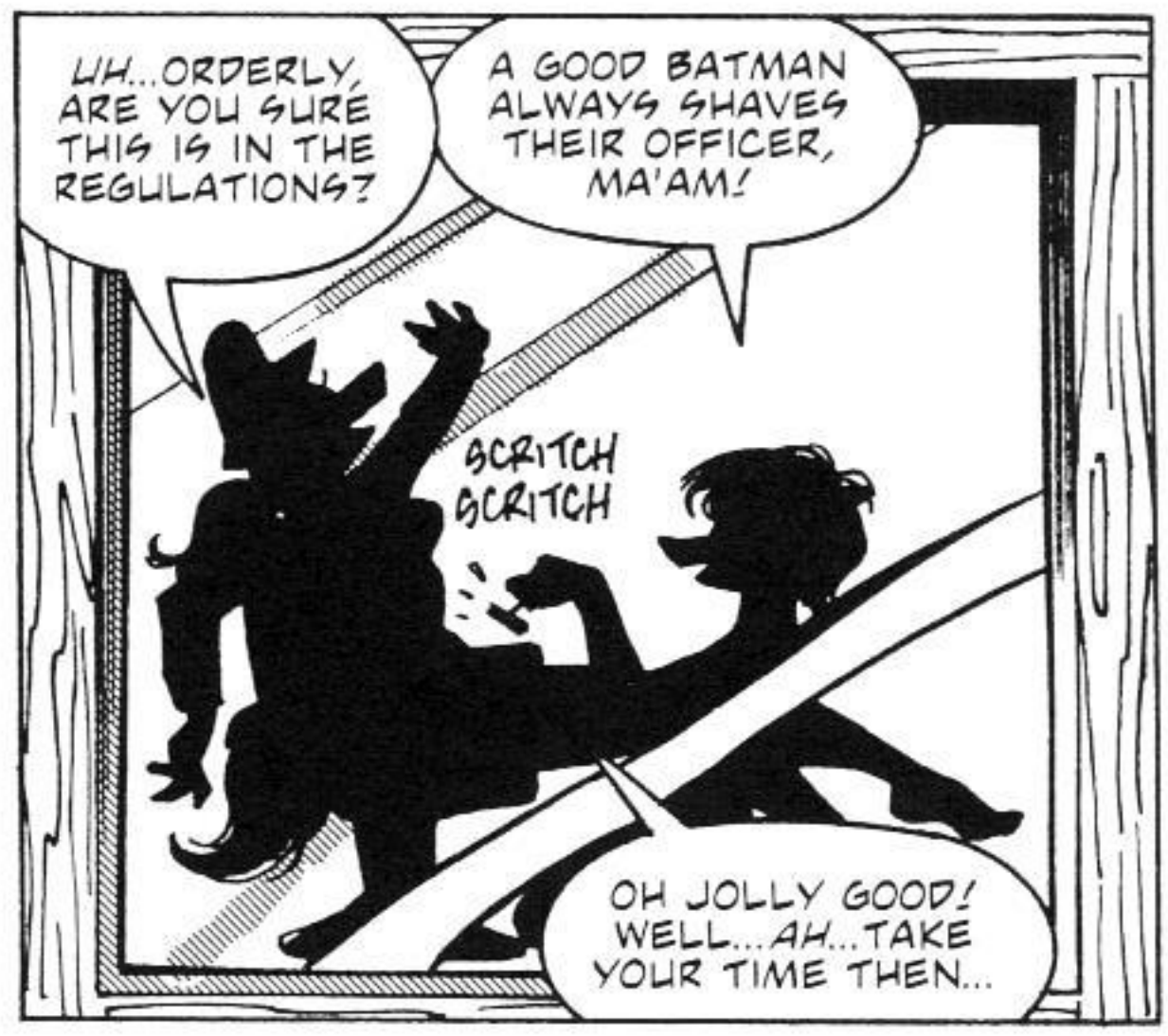
LET'S BOARD SHIP UND BLOW Z'IS BURG!
HILDA! STOP THAT UND TAKE A MEMO!
THINGZ TO DO: 1) FIND EIN SECRET V'EAPON DOT V'ILL GIFF ME ULTIMATE POSING POWER-- TINY TITTIES OR NO TINY TITTIES! 2) OVERTHRROW EMPEROR UND USE HIS COLON AS EIN PARTY FAVOR. 3) GET Z'OSE TANK VIXENS FOR V'UNCE UND FOR ALL!
AAAAAH ME! A COUP D'ETAT, GALACTIC CONQUEST... ALL THIS, UND I LOOK GOOD IN LATEX TOO!
HILDA! TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF-- COME TO MEIN ROOM AT V'UNCE!
UND...AH...BRING DER GIRGAR BUTTER, HEY KIDDO? V'E GOT USS SOME SERIOUS THINKING TO DO...
DO NOT DISTURB
Genuine DANISH SWEET GIRGAR BUTTER Delicious w/ Fur


MEANWHILE ON PLANET FRAMMENWANGER, THE CRUEL RIGORS OF MILITARY CAMPAIGN LIFE GO ON...
ATTENTION...DUE TO HIGH DEMANDS ON STOCKS OF POWER CELLS, HEAVY DUTY EXTENSION CORDS WILL NOW BE AVAILABLE IN THE DORMS AFTER "LIGHTS OUT". THANK YOU.


...SO AS YOU SEE, MAJOR CARRINGTON-WHIPLASH, ALTHOUGH THE FRONT HAS STABILIZED, OUR SITUATION IS GRAVE...
MAJOR, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
YES SIR!
To my Snuffi Elsa -Zeera xxx
SHOO! LATER! LATER!
Winner ZUCCHINI GROWING Competitio
Trenchfoot is your ENEMY
...have your toes sucke


WE NEED A LANDING FORCE, MAJOR. A FORCE OF MOTIVATED PROFESSIONALS. SOLDIERS WITH PLENTY OF HANDS-ON EXPERIENCE, WHO AREN'T AFRAID TO GET DOWN AND DIRTY.
TOP-HO! GENERAL, I HAVE JUST THE GALS!

I SAY, ORDERLY? WHERE ARE CAPTAIN ZEERA AND HER CREW?
THEY'RE PERFORMING GRATUITOUS T&A ON THE NEXT PAGE, MA'AM!
STERLING STUFF! THAT OUGHT TO SNATCH US A FEW MORE SALES!
HAVE THEM REPORT TO ME AS SOON AS WE'VE GOTTEN IN A DECENT BUTT SHOT!


UH...ORDERLY, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IN THE REGULATIONS?
A GOOD BATMAN ALWAYS SHAVES THEIR OFFICER, MA'AM!
SCRITCH SCRITCH
OH JOLLY GOOD! WELL...AH...TAKE YOUR TIME THEN...

OOOOOOOOOOOH...

ARE YOU *SURE* THESE WATER JETS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SET LIKE THIS?

THOSE PERSONNEL WHO ARE PARTICIPATING IN TONIGHTS VIRTUAL REALITY PRESENTATION OF "ATTACK OF THE 50 FT WOMAN" ARE REMINDED NOT TO DON VR EQUIPMENT WHILE IN THE VICINITY OF THE CAMP CACTUS GARDEN...

I'LL SECOND THAT!

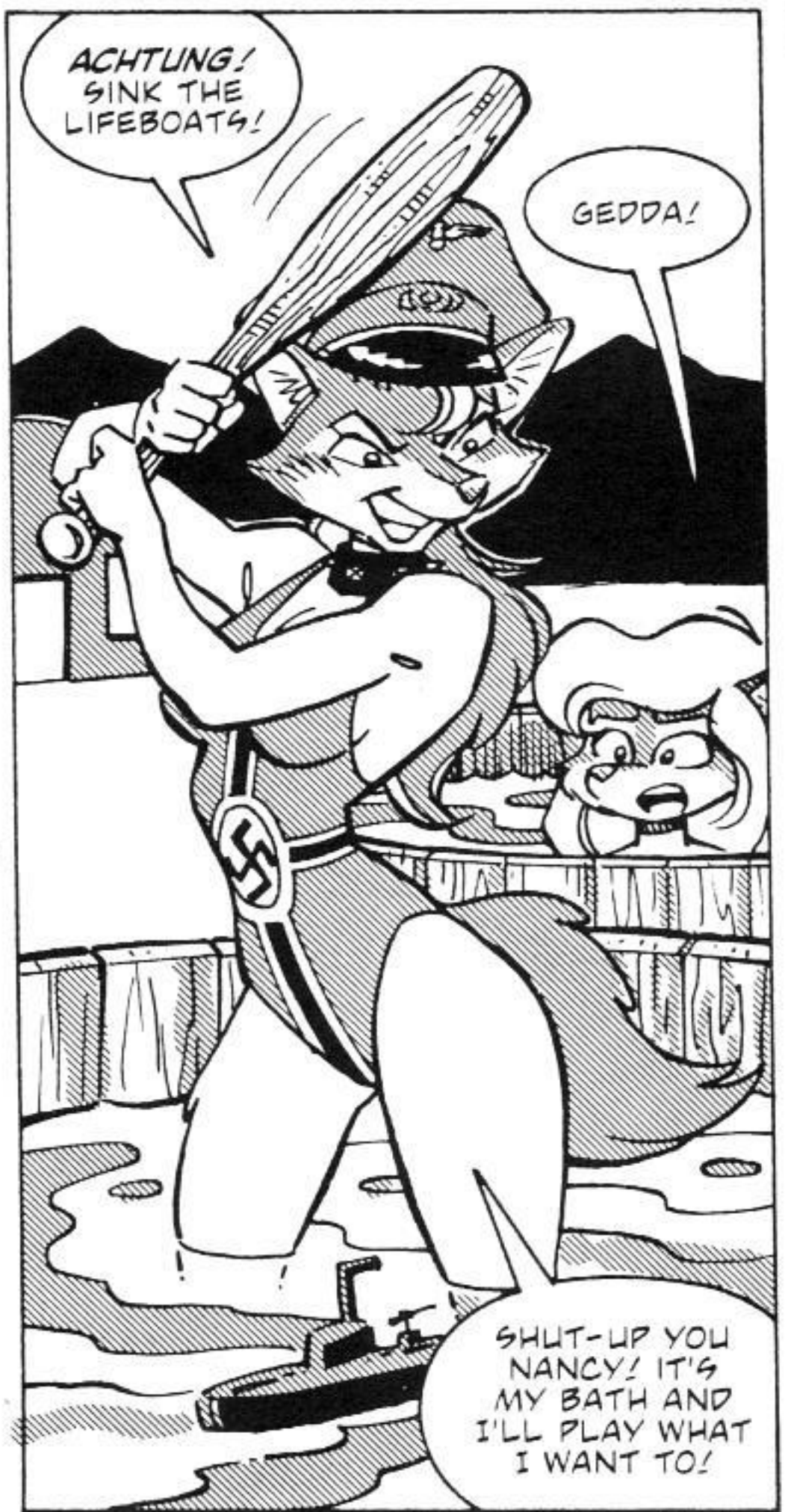
OH GOD...JUST DON'T FIGHT IT!

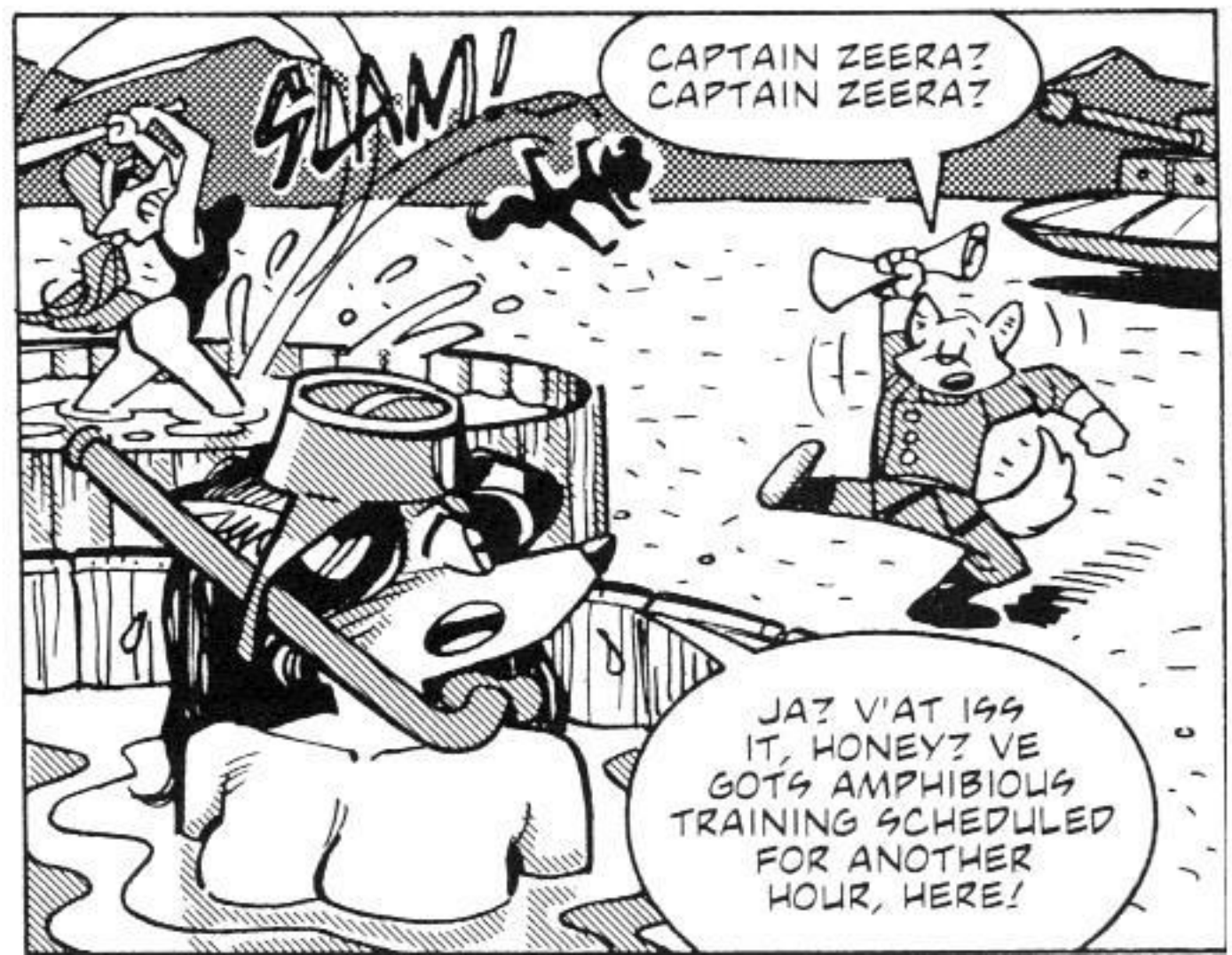
FER THE LOVE O' MERCY...SOMEONE FETCH ME A SMOKE!

OOH!

Ah!

HOT TUB, MOBILE, TROOPS FOR THE GRATUITOUS USE OF.





SHOULD WE GET OUT YET?
YEAH. OUR TEE SHIRTS SHOULD BE NICE AND WET BY NOW.

ACHTUNG! ALRIGHT, MOVE IT, BUBBIES! WE GOT US A MISSION!
HEY! COOL BUTT SHOT!
A MISSION!
WITH ANNI'S HAIR WET? NO WAY!

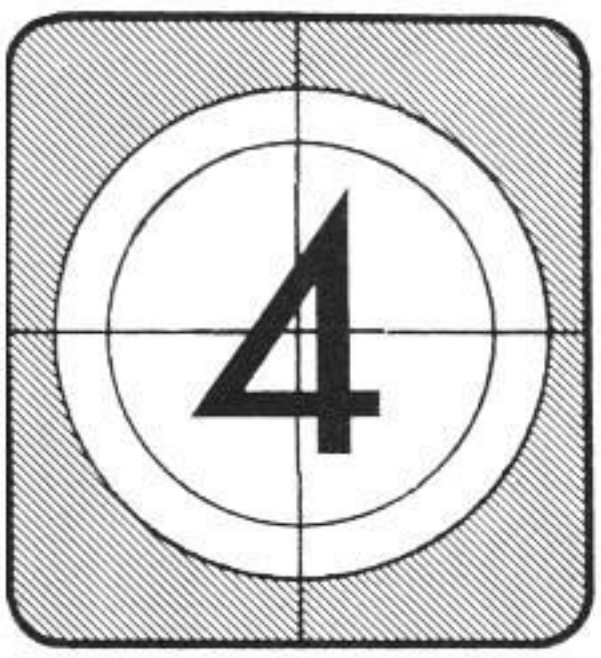
A MISSION ALL OFF OUR OWN! ADVENTURE! TRAVEL! WILD T&A PANELS SET IN EXOTIC LOCATIONS! MAYBE I GETS TO DO A DANCE SCENE AT LAST!
DANCE SCENE?
HONEY, YOU HAFFN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE SEEN ME STRRUTTING MEIN SCHTUFF!
ANNI...OUTTA THE TUB, HONEY! WE ONLY GOTS LIMITED PAGE COUNT.

FIREN...WE COULD, LIKE, EXPLORE THE PERMUTATIONS OF FOREIGN SOCIO-POLITICAL INFRA-STRUCTURES!
OH GOD SONYA... NOT HERE!

Z'ERE!
MA'AM?
NO PUNK'S TOPPINK Z'IS BABY'S BUTTSHOT! NOW KOMM ON... LET'S REPORT FOR DUTY BEFORE ALL Z'ESE TEE SHIRTS DRY OUT.

AND SO, LADIES, YOU WILL NOW SEE OUR DILEMMA!
THE FASHION ACCESSORIES ABOARD THE LOST STAR-LINER "VAINGLORIOUS PROOTWADDLE" REPRESENT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF POWER.
WE HAVE TO RECOVER THESE ITEMS BEFORE THEY FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!
...OR GET BUCKLED FIRMLY AROUND THE WRONG PEOPLE.
...OR GET SORT OF STRETCHED TIGHT OVER THEIR HEAVING...

MAJOR! UH, MA'AM? HOW DO WE FIND "VAINGLORIOUS PROOTWADDLE"?
THANKFULLY, DUE TO THE MECHANISMS OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL, IT SHOULD BE AN EASY MATTER TO TRACK THE MISSING VESSEL. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
NO!
THEN WEAR THE ACCESSORIES PROVIDED, AND WATCH THIS BRIEFING TAPE. ORDERLY, HIT THE LIGHTS!



HEY KIDS! IT'S DOKTOR DUFFELBUNNY'S SCIENCE TIME!

CREDIBILITY DRIVE

HO KIDDYV'INKS!

SO NOW YOU GOTS MAYBE AN EARTHWORM'S UNDERSTANDING OF PHYSICS, I HEARS YOU ASK "HOW COME V'E GOTS SHIPS DOT CAN GO FASTER THAN LIGHT?"

DUUUUH...HEY, HOW COME WE GOTS SHIPS THAT CAN GO FASTER THAN LIGHT?

SCRIPT: How Come we sh

GOOD QUESTION SONNY...NOW SHUT UP.

TO UNDERSTAND FASTER THAN LIGHT TRAVEL, DER MORTAL MIND MUST MERELY GRASP ONE SIMPLE CONCEPT:

IF A TREE FALLS IN DER FOREST AND NO ONE IS THERE TO HEAR IT, DOES IT MAKE A NOISE?

Where
T = tree
F = fall so ratio
TF/[Gravity (perceived) - inv. ratio to Gravity (actual)] ÷ sound of one hand clapping =

DER ANSWER IS NOW SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRABLE TO BE "NO".

LOTSA WOOD CHIPS!

IN 3302, SCIENTISTS STUDYING DER "OBSERVATION EFFECT" MADE A FASCINATING DISCOVERY - MIT OUR MINDS, V'E MAKE REALITY.

IN PRRACTICAL TERMS, V'E ARE WHEREVER V'E THINK OURSELVES TO BE!

AHA, YOU SAY - DIS BRINGS DER BIG DRAWBACKS, NEIN?

YOU BETCHA! LOSE TRACK OF V'ERE YOU ARE FOR V'UN MOMENT, FELLA, UND YOU COULD BE IN BIG TRRRRROUBLE! - KATCH?

SO HOW DOES DER KRRRRREDIBILITY DRIVE V'ORK? *SIMPLE!*

V'E CHUST PLUG IN A SECRET "NAVIGATION TAPE" INTO A STARSHIP FLIGHT COMPUTER (GO FOR VHS - NOV'UN EFFER USES BETA!)

DER SHIP'S VIEWSKREENS LIGHT UP MIT SWISHING STARS, UND Z'EN A NICE PICTURE OFF DER TARGET PLANET.

V'UNCE DER CREW ISS SURE THEY'VE ARRIVED - THEN THEY ACTUALLY HAVE!

OOOOOOO

SIMPLE, NEIN?

ONLY THING ISS...V'UN SHRRRED OF DOUBT, UND DER WHOLE DEAL'S OFF! THE SECRET OF THE CREDIBILITY DRIVE ISS CHUST THAT - A SECRET. NO ONE MUST EVER SUSPECT THAT THERE IS NO SCIENCE INVOLVED IN THE PROCESS WHATSOEVER.

CUT!

OOOPS.

DID I BLOW IT?

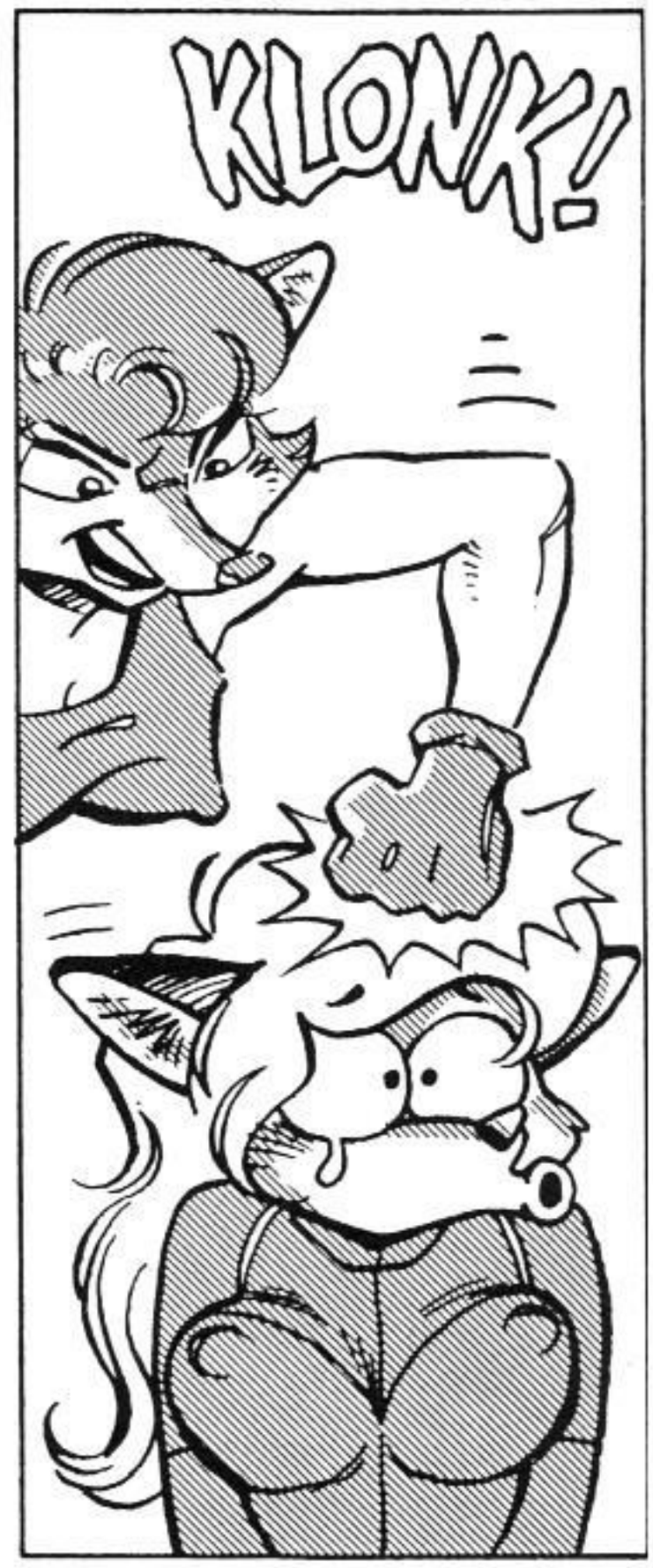
RATS!

TOP HO! SO DID WE ALL GET THAT?

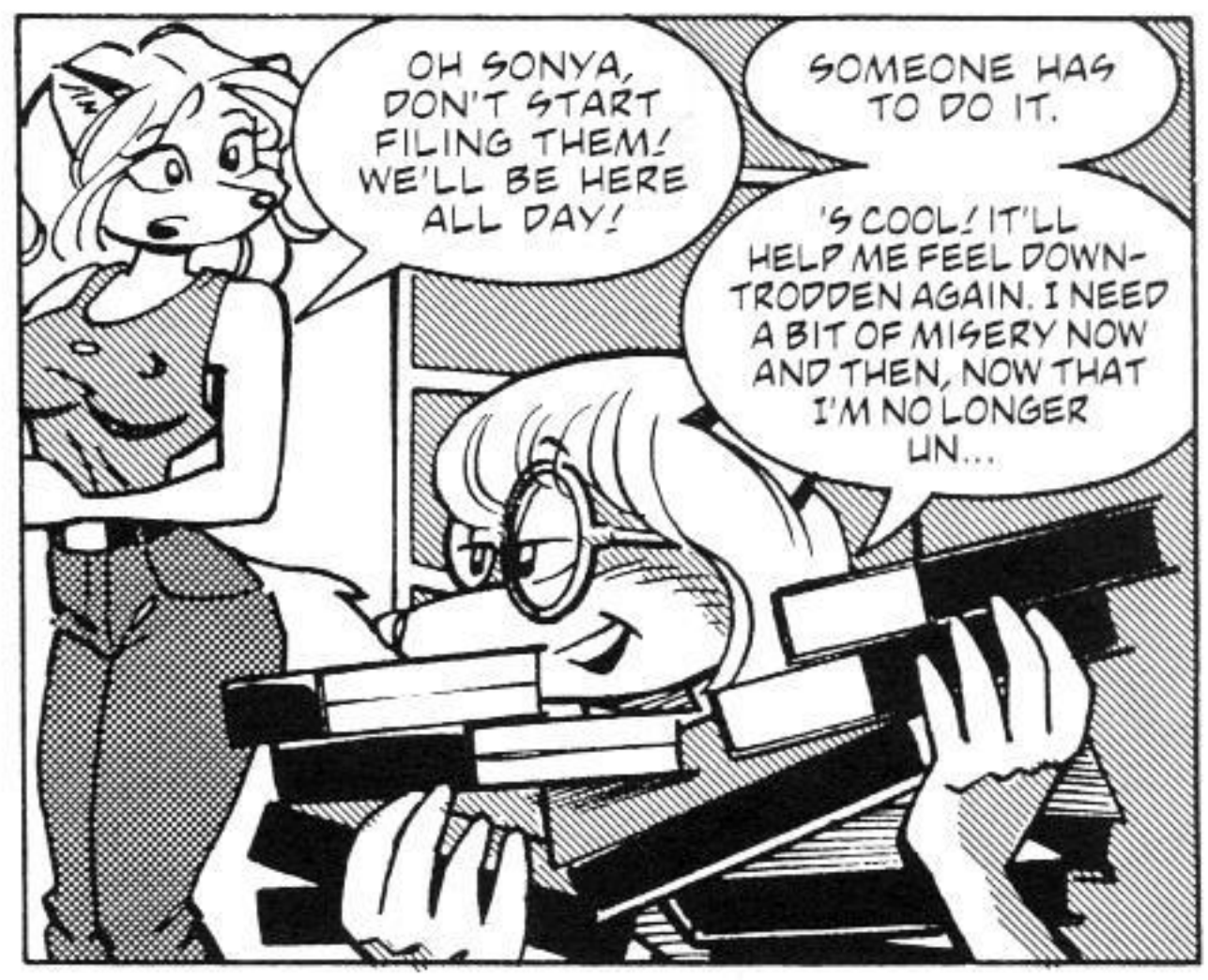
NO!
GOOD! TOP STUFF! NOW DO RUN ALONG... I'M TRYING TO HAVE A RELAXING SHAVE!

OFFICE
KARIN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS?
AAAH, T'IS NO PROBLEM! WHEN IT STARTS MAKING SENSE, NOW THAT'S A PROBLEM!

H'OKAY SWEET THINGS! SCOUR THESE SHELVES FOR TAPE 335-172! DOT'S DER V'UN "PROOTWADDLE" V'AS ISSUED.
ALL V'E HAFF TO DO ISS LOAD THAT TAPE INTO OUR SHIP, KICK SOME ARSE, UND THEN PLAY MIT ANY REALLY NIFTY FASHION ACCESSORIES DAT V'E FIND!
OOOOOH GNARLY! HAVE THEY GOT BETAMAX?


KLONK!

171...174...189!
WHO THE HELL FILES ALL THESE THINGS?
ZIP!

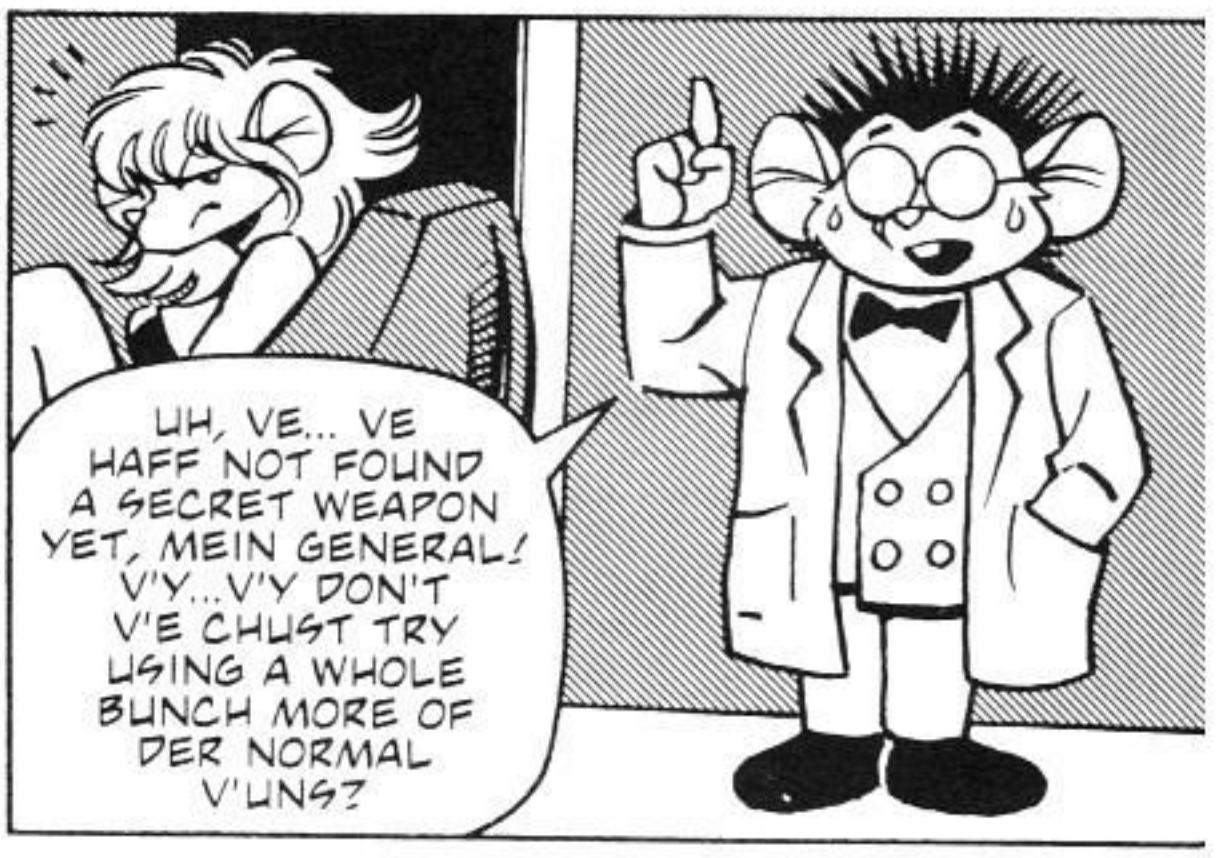

OH SONYA, DON'T START FILING THEM! WE'LL BE HERE ALL DAY!
SOMEONE HAS TO DO IT.
'S COOL! IT'LL HELP ME FEEL DOWN-TRODDEN AGAIN. I NEED A BIT OF MISERY NOW AND THEN, NOW THAT I'M NO LONGER UN...

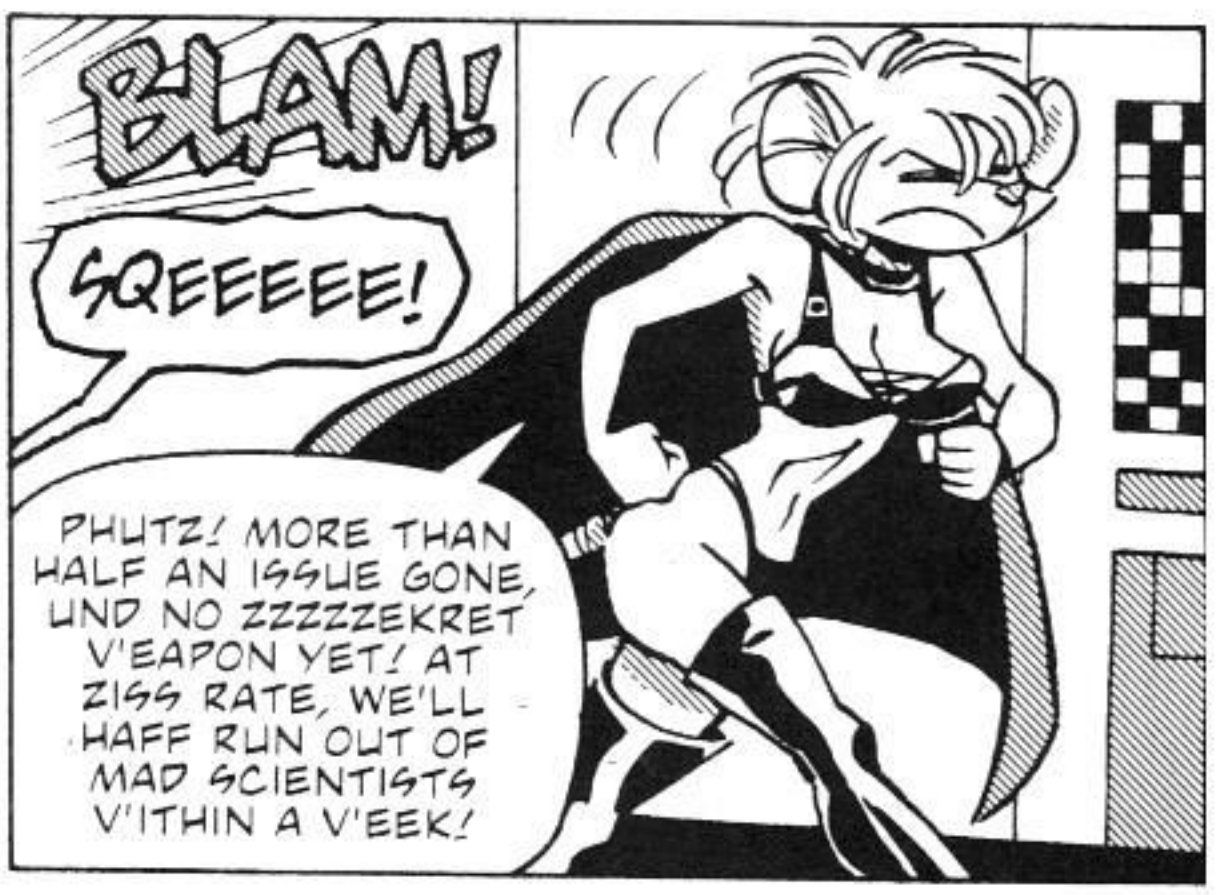
...LUCKY!
ACK!!
Tomoe Ame: BATH HOUSE BLUES
FELNA F**** Formalheut
ELECTRIC BLUE: Mrs. Brisby

OH WOW! 335-172! THAT'S IT! SONYA, YOU'VE DONE IT!
LIKE, COOL!
RESPECT MEEEE...
335-172

COME ON, GANG! WE FOUND THE TAPE!
SURELY NOW! T'WILL DO US GOOD TO TAKE THE OLD TANK FOR A RUN!
HEY, SHOULD WE UNTIE GEDDA?
EH...WHY WRECK IT WHEN WE'RE ON A ROLL. COME ON!
ARE Y' SURE THIS IS ALL WE'RE NEEDING...?
SURE! WE'VE GOT A TANK, WE'VE GOT OUR BRAINS, SONYA'S FOUND THE TAPE...
...WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
Gone with the Wind
335-172
HILDA! MORE PENGUINS! THESE V'UNS HAVE ALL GONE FLACCID!

GIRLS MIT *POINTY STICKS!* V'AT'S THE POINT IN HAVINK AN EMPIRE IF YOU DON'T HAFF GIRLS MIT POINTY STICKS!





YOU T'ERE! POLISH MEIN BOOTS!
UND MAKE SURE YOU GET THE PARTS RIGHT UP HIGH ZISS TIME!
MEEEP!

WEAPONS ARE IRRELEVANT. HILDA, I NEED SIMPLE POSINK POWER.
ZOMEHOW I NEED TO FIND DER MOST GORGEOUS FASHIONS IN DER HISTORY OF DER UNIVERSE, UND JOIN THEM MIT DER POWER OF MEIN DYNAMITE YOUNG BOD!
UND DER TOE CAPS! DO IT PROPERLY OR I RIP OUT YOUR EYEBALLS UND USE DER OPTIC NERVES FOR DENTAL FLOSS!

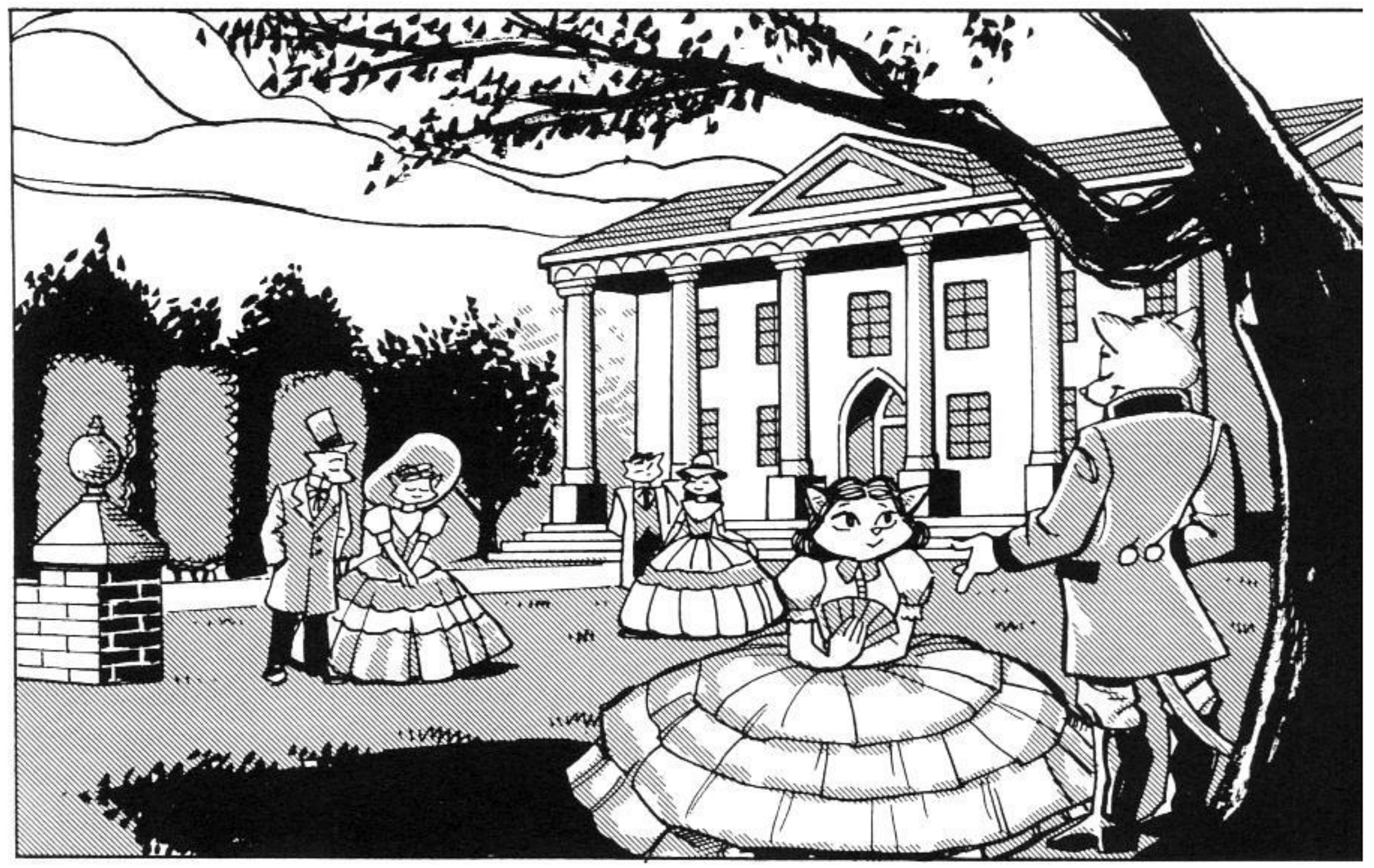
V'AT? YOU HAFF DONE RRRRESEARCH UPON FASHION?
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB

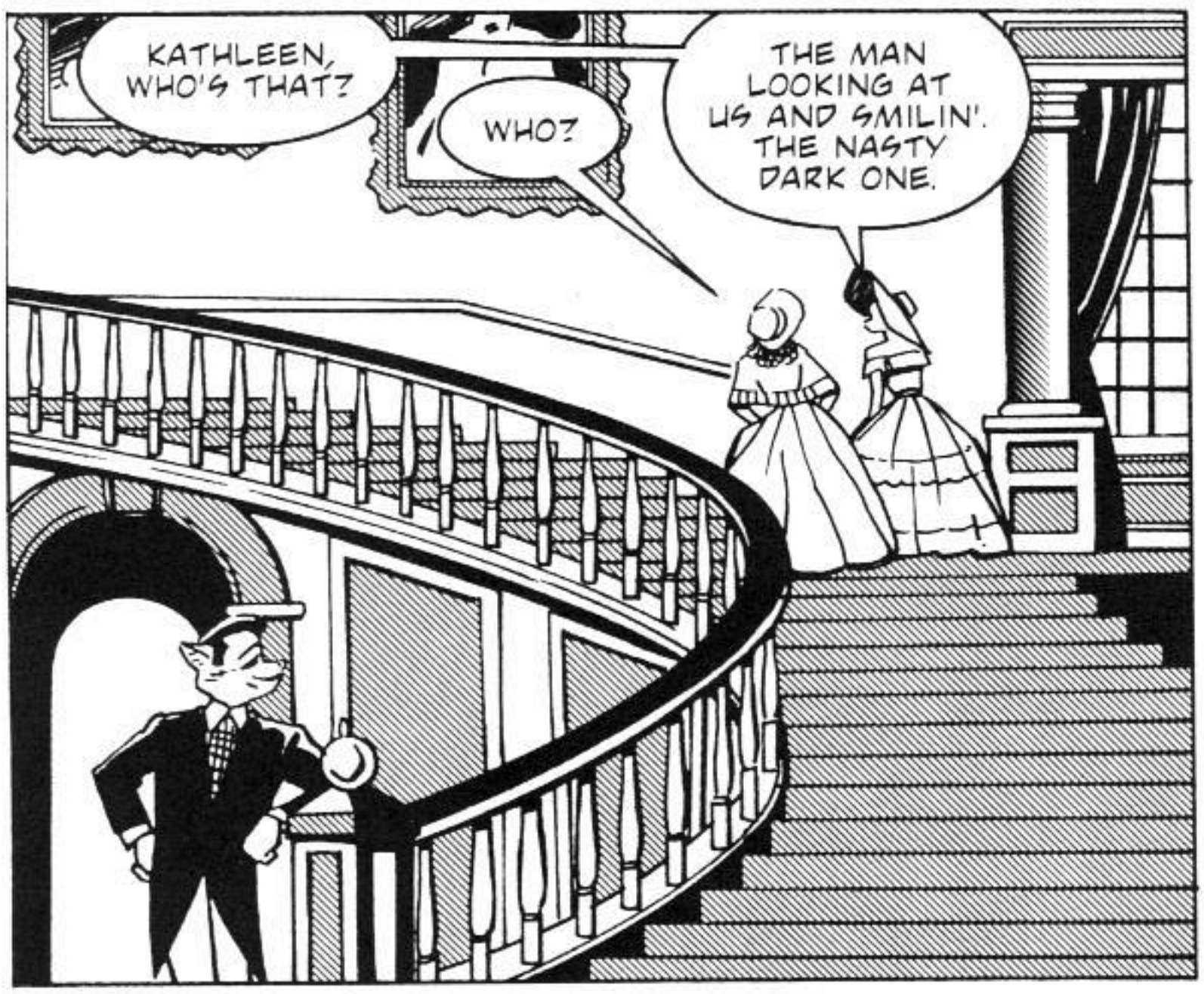
YOU HAFF DER BEST FASHIONS IN THE UNIVERSE ALREADY V'ORKED OUT?
PRIMA! NAVIGATOR, LOAD A COURSE FROM HILDA'S PERSONAL FILES!
YOU! BUFF DER VINYL ON MEIN ARSE!
SKREEE!
HILDA! BACKLIGHTING! ISS TIME TO POSE UND RAVE!

NOW...NOW FINALLY MEIN AGE OFF CONQUEST HASS BEGUN! EIN CHICKEN IN EVERY GARAGE! EIN AUTOMOBILE IN EVERY POT! A V'ORLD V'ERE DER FLINGING SCENT OF LEATHER V'ILL BE DER SWEET KISS OF VICTORY!
KARBIDE! FULL SPEED AHEAD! KAPTAIN! ENGAGE DER C-SPACE DRRRIVE!

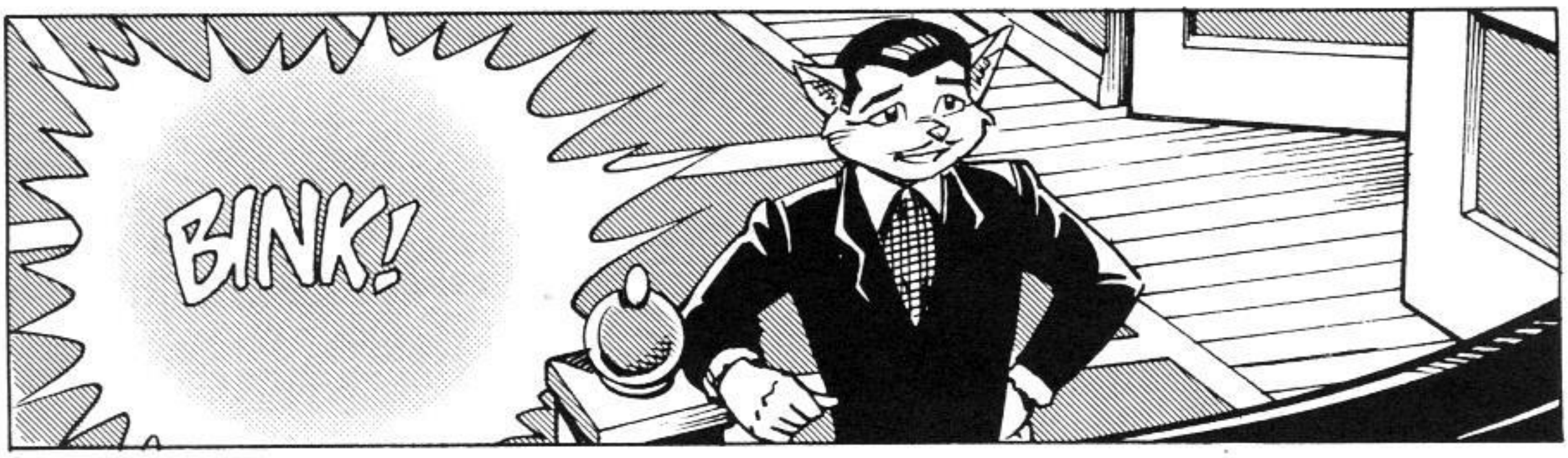
V'AT? NOT NOW... D'ERE'S CONQUEST TO BE DONE!
KAPTAIN! MAKE MIT DER GROOVY SWISHINK STAR PATTERNS... SCHNELL!

HILDA...YOU FRET TOO MUCH!
PSPP



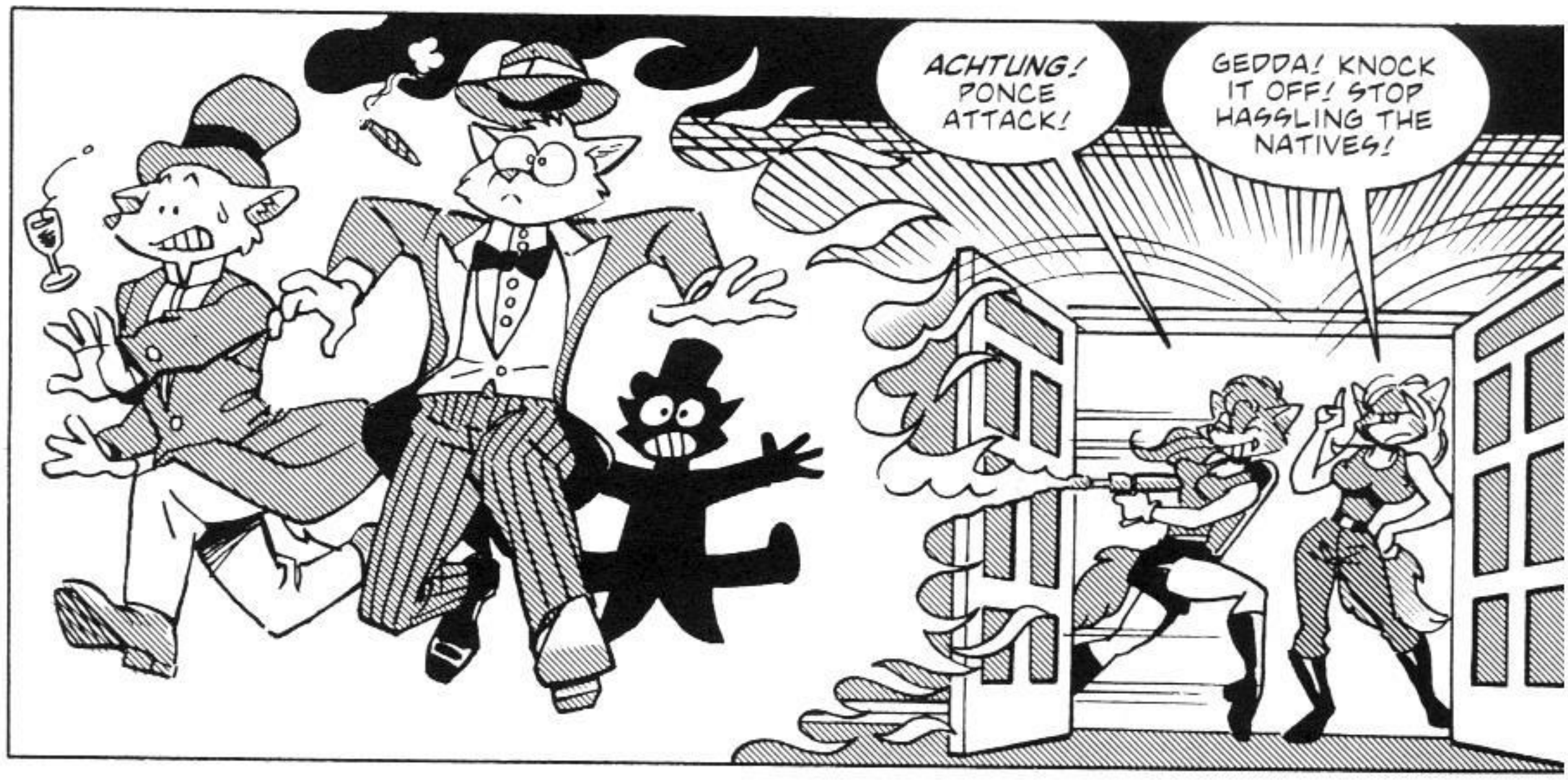

KATHLEEN, WHO'S THAT?
WHO?
THE MAN LOOKING AT US AND SMILIN'. THE NASTY DARK ONE.

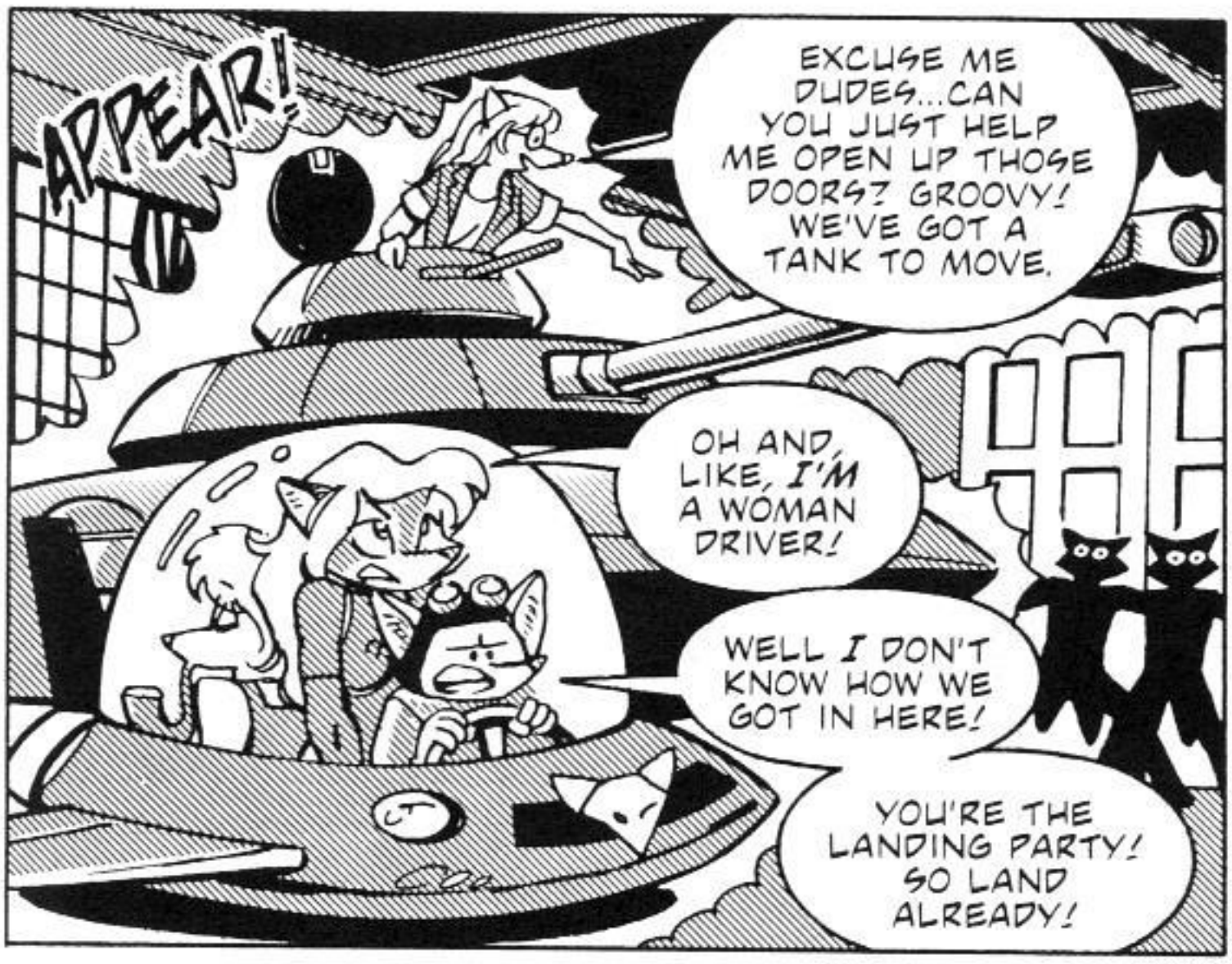
SCARLETT MY DEAR...DON'T YOU KNOW?
WHY HE LOOKS AS...AS IF HE KNOWS WHAT I LOOK LIKE WITHOUT MY SHIMMEY!


BINK!

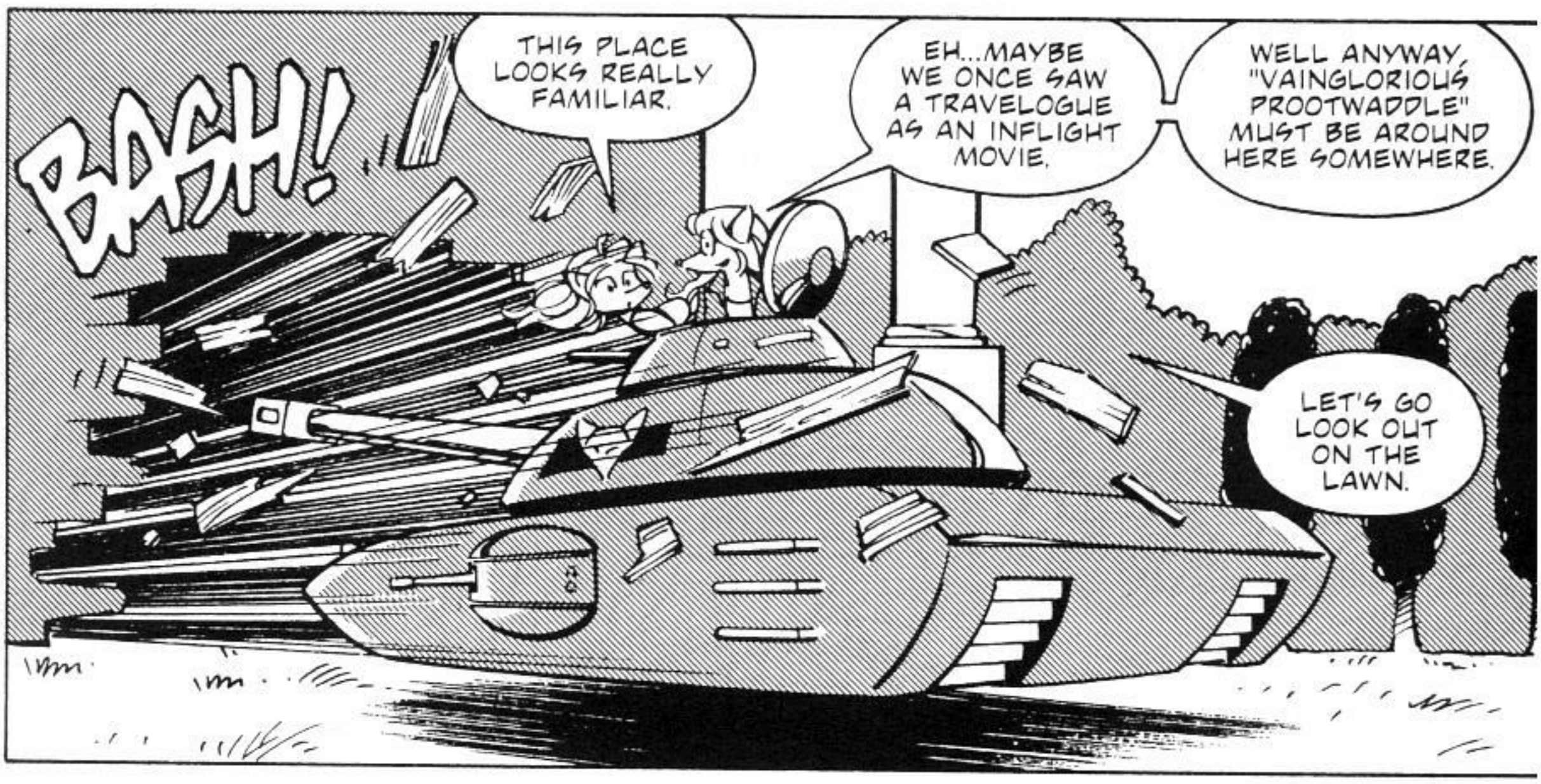
OI YOU!
STOP PERVING UP WOMENS' SKIRTS, YOU PROBE!
KONK!

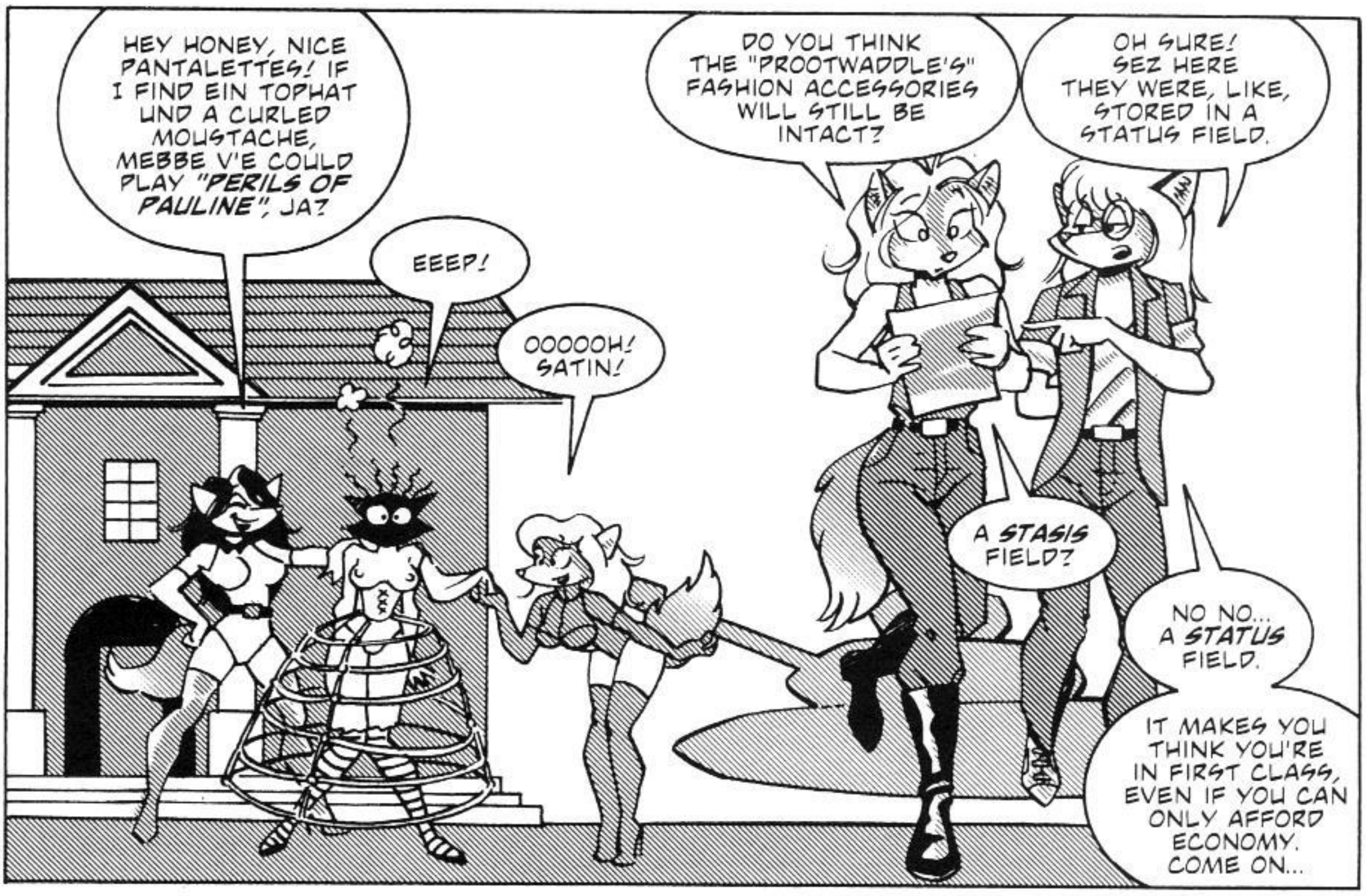
OH GOD! YOU LOOK LIKE THE DANCE OF THE SUGAR PLUM BLOODY FAIRIES!
RED RUM! RED RUM!
SKREEECH!
VOOOOSH!


ACHTUNG! PONCE ATTACK!
GEDDA! KNOCK IT OFF! STOP HASSLING THE NATIVES!


APPEAR!
EXCUSE ME DUDES...CAN YOU JUST HELP ME OPEN UP THOSE DOORS? GROOVY! WE'VE GOT A TANK TO MOVE.
OH AND, LIKE, I'M A WOMAN DRIVER!
WELL I DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT IN HERE!
YOU'RE THE LANDING PARTY! SO LAND ALREADY!

OH GOD! LOOK AT THE WAY THEY'RE ALL DRESSED!
EVERYONE LOOKS LIKE THOSE POOFS FROM THAT STUPID GIRLIE INFLIGHT MOVIE!
OH, SO IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE MOVIE, THEN WHY DID YOU CRY?
SHUT UP YOU BIG DILL WEED!


BASH!
THIS PLACE LOOKS REALLY FAMILIAR.
EH...MAYBE WE ONCE SAW A TRAVELOGUE AS AN INFLIGHT MOVIE.
WELL ANYWAY, "VAINGLORIOUS PROOTWADDLE" MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
LET'S GO LOOK OUT ON THE LAWN.

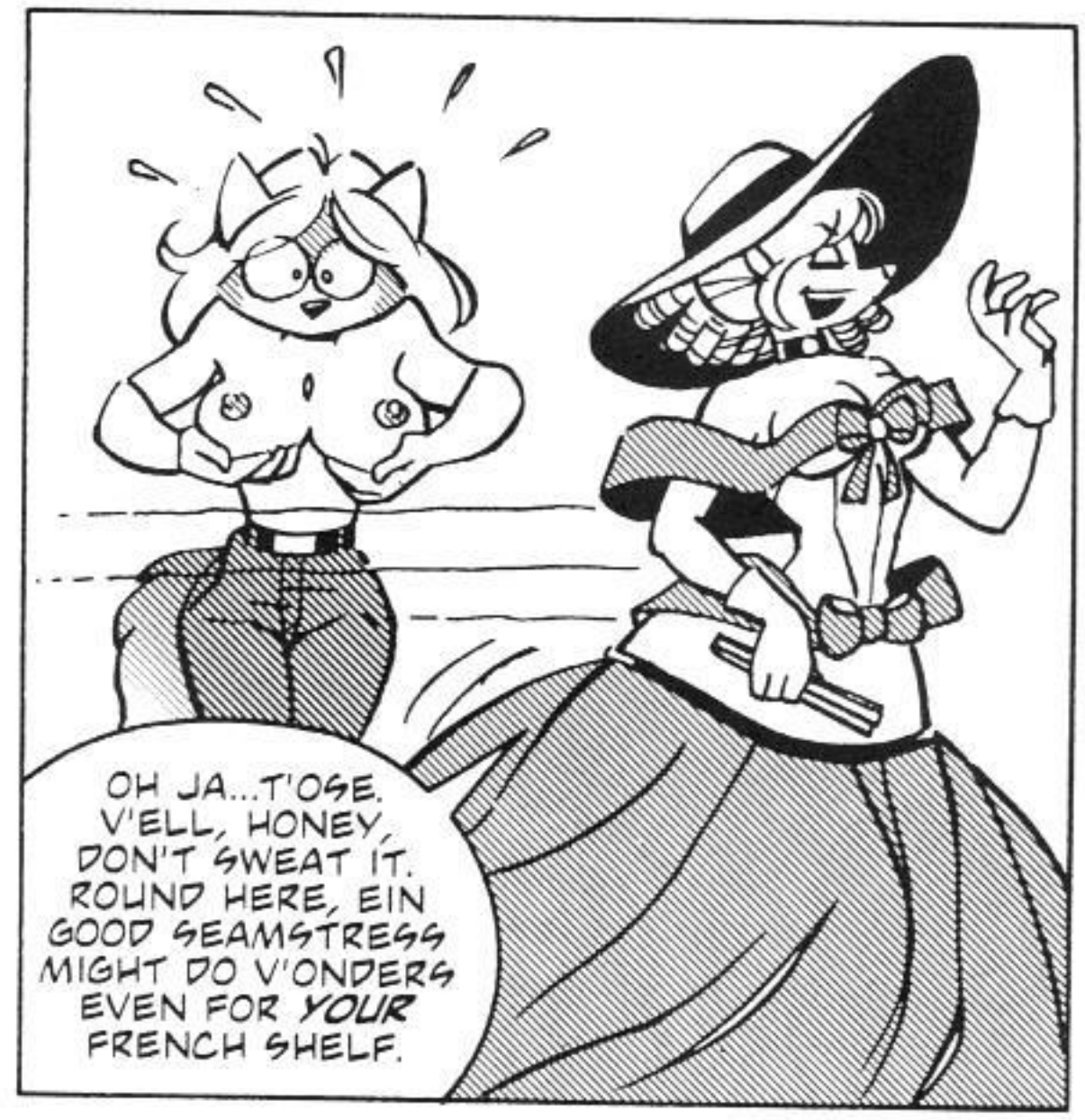

HEY HONEY, NICE PANTALETTES! IF I FIND EIN TOPHAT UND A CURLED MOUSTACHE, MEBBE V'E COULD PLAY "PERILS OF PAULINE", JA?
EEEP!
OOOOOH! SATIN!
DO YOU THINK THE "PROOTWADDLE'S" FASHION ACCESSORIES WILL STILL BE INTACT?
OH SURE! SEZ HERE THEY WERE, LIKE, STORED IN A STATUS FIELD.
A STASIS FIELD?
NO NO... A STATUS FIELD.
IT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE IN FIRST CLASS, EVEN IF YOU CAN ONLY AFFORD ECONOMY. COME ON...

YOU KNOW, AN INTERSTELLAR MERCHANT LINER?
UH...ABOUT SIX HUNDRED METERS LONG, ABOUT 20,000 TONS...USUALLY FLOATS ABOUT A HUNDRED METERS OFF THE GROUND?
?
HEY BUBBE! WHO DOES YOUR LEATHERS?
DOINK!

GEDDA! KNOCK IT OFF!
WHY IS IT ALWAYS ME? EVERY TIME A MAJOR PUBLIC BUILDING SETS ON FIRE, IT'S ALWAYS "GEDDA, DON'T DO THIS, GEDDA DON'T DO THAT..."
EEEEEEEE!

SO, LIKE, IF YOU'RE OVER HERE, THEN WHAT ARE THEY ALL RUNNING FROM?
THIS ONE'S WILLY HAS FALLEN OFF!
SOMETHING MORE TERRIFYING THAN GEDDA? EERIE!

MEIN GOTT! GET IN DER TANK!
UND GET MY PANZER CAP...THE CUTE LITTLE LEATHER V'UN!
TOO LATE!
PROSIT, PUPCHEN!
GASP!
OHMIGOD! LOOKIT THE LACE ON THAT THING!
P-P-P-PANTA-LETTES - SO... SO SHEER...
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, SISTER!



DER PERFECT PLACE TO FOUND MEIN NEW EMPIRE! OH I'M SO HAPPY I COULD DANCE! HILDA?

BLAM!

SQUEEE!

HILDA, YOU ARE CHUST TOO GOOD TO ME!

TAKE ZEM AV'AY! I'M SCHEDULED TO RUN MEIN HANDS BENEATH MY SKIRT, UND Z'EN I'LL SHOW Z'ESE LOCAL RUBES A TRICK MIT AN ELECTRIC PONY DOT V'ILL LAY V'ASTE TO AN ENTIRE CONTINENT!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!

MEIN...MEIN ENTIRE WARDROBE... USELESS!

HILDA! KOMM! UND...AH...FIND ME V'UN OFF Z'OSE LIDDLE UMBRELLA THINGIES, JA?

GEE...HAS SHE LOST WEIGHT?

HONEY? DO THESE STILL LOOK OK TO YOU?

BUMMER.

ACH! BEATEN BY BOWS!

OH GOD...BOWS! SOMEONE HELP ME BE SICK!

GUYS...I THINK WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE. WITH THOSE HIGH-BUTTONED BOOTS, VON SCHTEPPENSLAMMER COULD *RULE THE GALAXY!*

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

WARNING! ADVERTISING! WARNING! ADVERTISING! WARNING! ADVERTISING! WARNING! ADVERTISING!

OWN A PIECE OF THE INSANITY!
TANK VIXENS ART FOR SALE!

For the juicy details write to:
Mailbox Books
P. O. 1278, Roslyn, PA 19001

Auntie Zeera's Activity Page!

Oh Boy, it's...

FINGER PUPPET TIME!

FIREN

KARIN

ANNI

MSAGARA '95

Instructions:

1. Cut out finger puppets and assemble by gluing tabs together.
2. Pick an appropriate piece of classical theatre, such as Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard", and assign roles to your favorite bimbos.
3. Shove the finger puppets on your greasy digits and just *live life to its fullest!*

There - finally you get your finger in a girl's bottom!

Now tell all your friends!

** Try using Tank Vixens Finger puppets as an amusing addition to family Nativity displays!*

sex vixen of the month

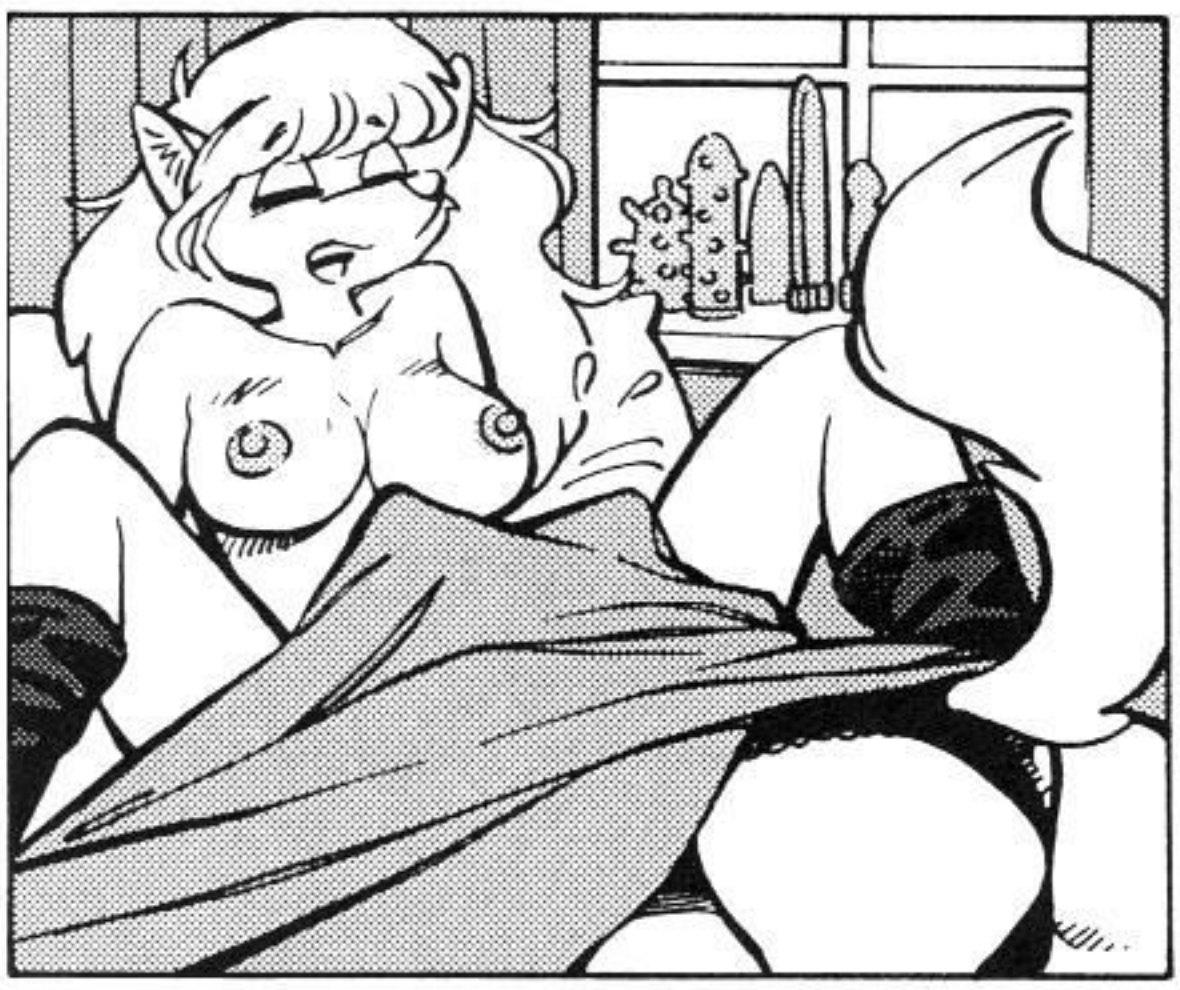
SERGEANT Karin O'Hoo-Ha

Sergeant, "C" company, 101st Heavy Tank Crushing Battalion

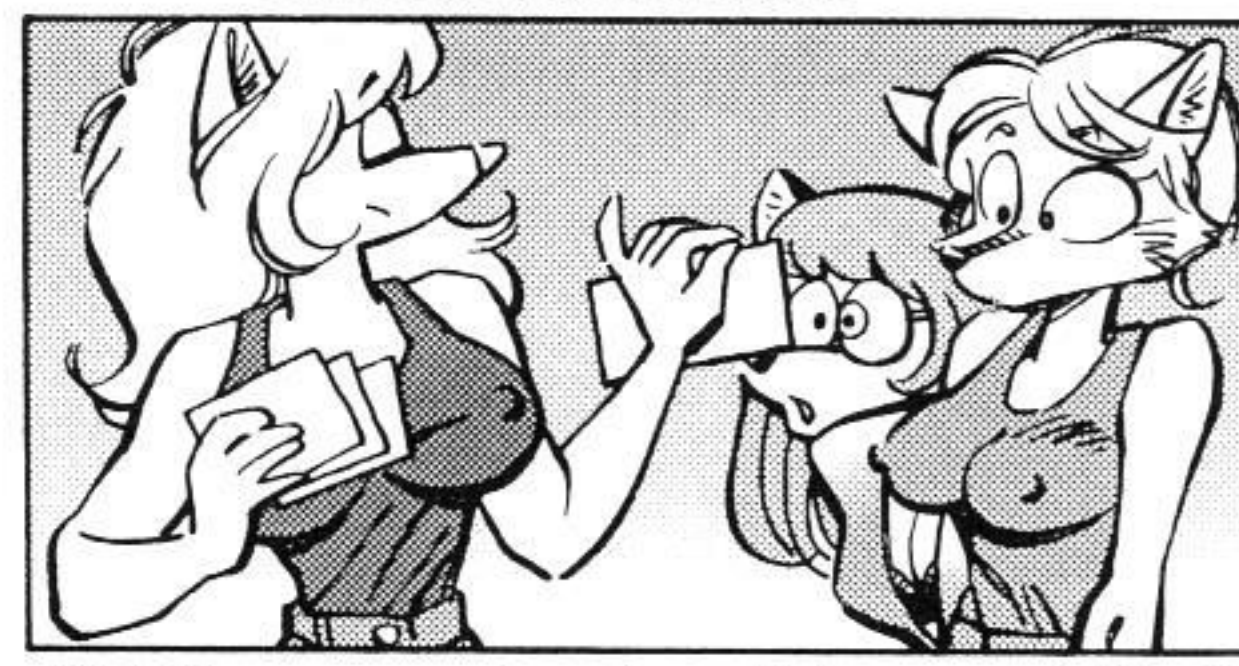
"Well it's not everyone's thing, being a Sergeant, nor is it! There's your long hours, your constant danger - and looking after the little darlin's in the squad ain't all its cracked up to be, neither!"

"If it weren't for the communal showers, the shared sleeping bags and the nude "twister", so help me I'd chuck it all in!"

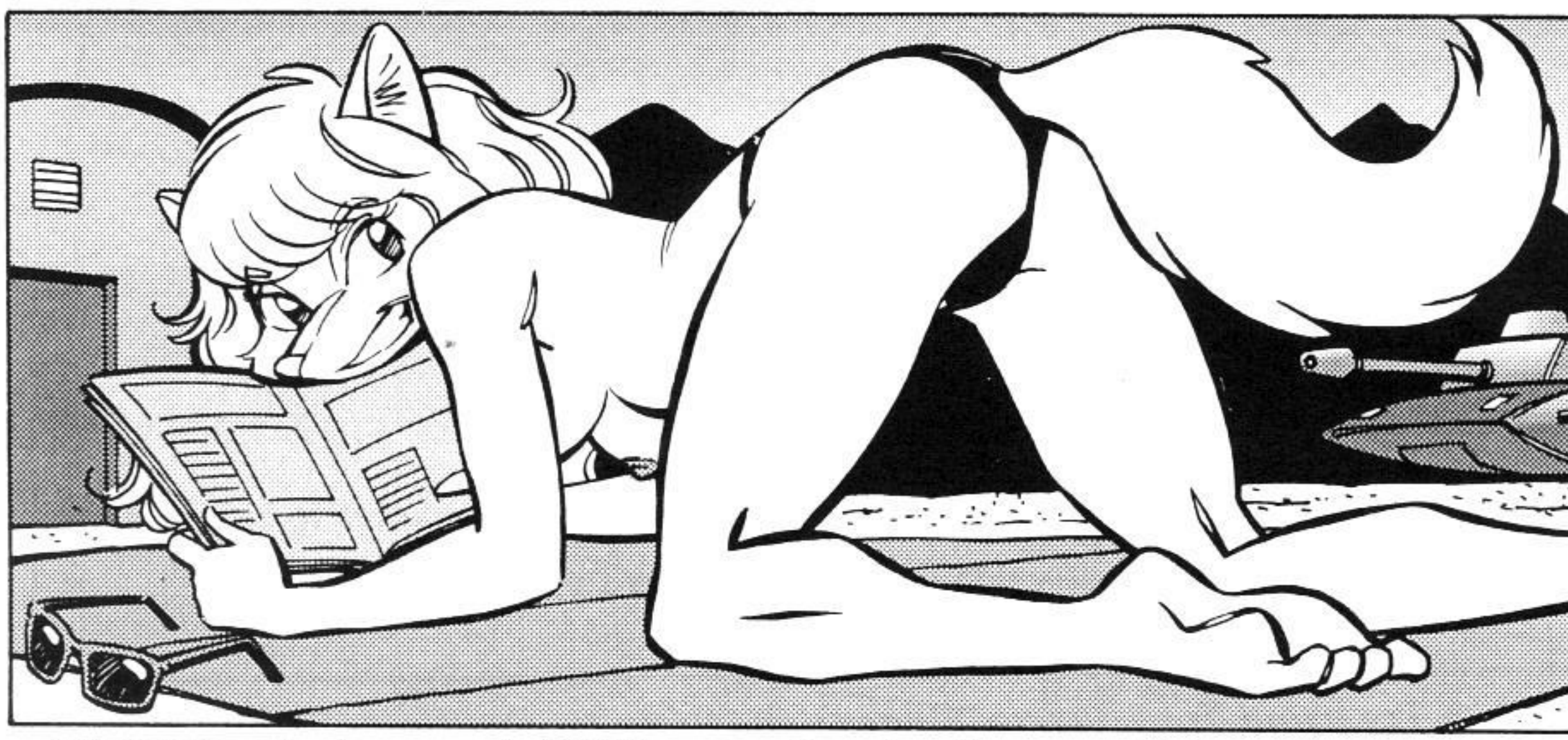
"Sure and you end up mothering them! Still, I can't say it's all bad..."



"As for your military discipline - it's all a matter of give and take. Just lip service, sure an' you'll see!"



"Well, they say ye can't teach an old dog new tricks! But if you know enough of the old tricks, then who needs 'em!"



"What's it like posing for a magazine? Well I'm not sure I can show this one to me Ma'am! Pa'll like it, though! You can airbrush out this bit, and the Rector should just pass it on with the rest of his mail..."

SEX VIXEN OF THE MONTH
Best of Irish Karin ++
SAGARA '95
"Why not laminate your comic collection today?"

SEX VIXEN VITAL STATISTICS

NAME: Karin O'Hoo-Ha

DIVISION: 101st Hvy Tank Crushing Bttn.

HEIGHT: 170 cm

WEIGHT: Well sure and it's enough to keep you warm at night

BUST: Double D's can't hide a heart o' gold!

WAIST: ...is a terrible thing to mind! Now what do you want to go measurin' that for?

HIPS: Well they keep me legs on, sure and they do.

TAIL: White.

FAVORITE PASTIMES: Aaah - a quiet evening with my girls - the crackle of firearms - the warm trickle of cherry yogurt running through my fur...

LOVES: A fine pipeful. Sure and there's nothing like a lungful of burning road-weed to punish you for your sins!

HATES: And have you any idea how often ye can hear that line about "do you smoke after sex"?

MY FAVORITE FANTASY: Aaah - a little cottage all of me own - a warm rug, a gentle fire - Capt. Zeera dressed in the dog collar and maid outfit. The usual saturday night kind of thing.

AMBITIONS: One of these days I'm gonna find the bastard who invented those thrice-bedamned little individual cheese-stick things.

Babes in Arms...

It is a time fit for heroines; an age where a girl can stand proud and free! A place where the peace and liberty of the galaxy can depend upon the silky-smooth fit of a spandex body stocking...

Last issue...

Marooned in the desert after Von Steppenslammer's lightning pantie raid, Firen and Sonya discover a deep and abiding passion for one another's political vocabulary, poetic souls and red-hot nubile young bodies. Busting this publication's "mature readers" rating wide open, Firen and Sonya finally conduct an interpersonal socio-sexual liaison; the desert blooms, fireworks bursts and this title finds itself shunted onto the *Venus* list so fast it could make your eyes spin!

Firen and Sonya save the day for the Tank Vixens gang. Unable to face the superior mammaries of the Vixens, Udda takes the fall!

Released on bail for $1.95, Udda Von Steppenslammer now drags her oh-so taut and Sizzling butt back home to face the music.

Now read on*...

*(*If you can't read, then just look at the hellacious pictures, OK? Actually, there's some pretty good titty pics in this issue. And I swear there's this one panel where you can see absolutely everything...!)*

Copyright notice: Like all comics, this book has been printed on a really flimsy acid-based paper. Exposure to the intense light of a photocopier will cause the slow but sure disintegration of the book. And photocopy paper itself is also acid based! - so then where will you be? I mean, who's the winner?

(Oh, so now I can see you getting ideas already! Sure you could photocopy the photocopy - and end up on a neverending treadmill of despair, constantly re-copying pages and knowing that someday inevitably, this hellish carousel will end with the destruction of all your hopes and dreams. Why - oh why didn't you just fork out $2.95 for an extra copy when you had the chance!)

Warning: Repeated use of this product can lead to friction rash. Always wash hands after use!